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Outside—Looking In, by John Palmer Gavit, on page 618

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Paris That Was

PARIS IN PROFILE. By GEORGE SLOCOMBE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by C. E. ANDREWS

Author of "The Innocents of Paris"

EVERYBODY who has lived long in Paris wants to write a book about it, and, sooner or later, he does. The books are all different, for Paris is never the same place to any two people who love it. Balzac said: "Paris is really an ocean. Try to sound it, you can never know its depths. Travel over it, describe it; however carefully you go, or carefully describe; however numerous or however devoted the explorers of this ocean may be, you will always find some untouched spot, unknown cavern, flowers, pearls, monsters, something unheard of, forgotten by literary divers." And every one of these literary divers fetches up old facts, odd sights, queer recollections, or sentimental sighs and sets them down in a book which is a portrait of himself, his moods, his pleasures, his prejudices.

Since the sixteenth century, the lovers of Paris have been describing her and describing themselves. Giles Corrozet started the fashion with his chronicling of frosts, funeral monuments, inundations of the Seine, the Jew baitings, the burning of Lutherans, the weddings of kings,—all told with an impartial delight in fact. He tells about an early revolution which started through a tax gatherer demanding a penny of an old woman who sold water cress; he recounts the story of the pope whose entry into Paris was postponed from Thursday to Friday on account of rain, and who decreed that that Friday should be Thursday so that meat might grace his triumphal banquet; and he methodically lists the names of streets, some of them stamped with the glorious obscenity of medieval humor. But to this old lover of facts everything seems equally interesting, and he records without comment.

The seventeenth century had a passion for odd history and anecdote, and Père du Breuil and, later, le Maire collected all they could find or make up about the past of Paris to satisfy the curious. The early eighteenth century started the flood of guide books for foreigners, and one was even printed at Leyden for the information of young Dutchmen about to set out for the capital of Le Roi Soleil. These eighteenth century books seem to have been the models of Herr Baedeker with his delight in exact dimensions and areas and dates. The tone

(*Continued on next page*)

All Our Yesterdays*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is a common delusion that the prophets departed with the dispersion of Israel. They have never left us, the prophets and the sons of the prophets,—never left especially the Protestant Anglo-Saxon nations that took over the Hebrew Book and made it more glorious in English than even in its original tongues. Their succession in English literature has nothing apostolic about it. No laying on of hands, no continuing dogma, no passing down of the sacred cloak; and yet in every generation, both in Great Britain and America, we have had them—timeless men who stand a little apart from the flux and flow of opinion—homely men, usually not easily classified by the fashions of the age, often, if not always, obscure in their beginnings, not popular, not sensational, whose quiet tones are at first not heard above the rattle of current life and the roaring of the lions of the day. Indeed they are not of us, not timely, not popular. They speak neither for the restlessness of youth nor the cynical caution of age. Necessities of the moment do not bind them. The faculty of withdrawal, as into the desert, is theirs, and yet depths of pity and sorrow, love and scorn, keep them human, until in some pause in the tumult their voices are heard speaking and we say—there is a man. Upon such men—Browne and Burton, Herbert perhaps, Taylor and Edwards, and, less Hebraic, Lamb and Fitzgerald and Thoreau, the great gift of English prose seems particularly to descend. Their ears are open to its melodies, and what they say has an accent which is neither local nor temporal. Such men in their lifetimes have devoted followers, but there is a strangeness about them which gives a Sunday atmosphere to their reputation, for their moods are constant and ours inconstant, and we will not hear them everyday.

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It is among the prophets and the sons of prophets that H. M. Tomlinson, in our day, belongs. He does not classify. No group or tendency holds him. The current gifts of plot making and emphasis he does not possess. A journalist by training and experience, he is quite indifferent to the tastes of a public which every month asks for its news in a different packet. The rhetoric of our age which dictates that you may say anything so long as you put it in the form of a novel, leaves him out of the definition. He goes his own way (like Thoreau or Swift) finding unexpected, sometimes almost trivial, excuses for his books—a voyage up the Amazon, a murder at the docksides, the slow growth of Pride which goes before a war. And his writing has that oracular quality of beauty in itself and apart from any organized and immediate purpose, which has belonged to all prophetic writing—sentences pressed from the heart of long reflection, chapters which need no fabric of supporting story to reveal their worth.

These men—the prophets—are seldom the writers of our greatest books, for they are too often in the desert, and their thoughts are never all codified, nor lifted from their deep human relations into a completed palace of art; but when one is found in a generation, hold fast to what he writes, for he will be long read.

Mr. Tomlinson's much awaited war book proves, as one might have guessed, to be no war book in the ordinary sense at all, but a prophet's utterance, oracular, beautiful, infinitely touching, moved by pity and by scorn, a narrative only by convenience, a story only by the continuing presence of certain characters, a brooding study of humanity in the grip of war, not a trench novel, or a war plot.

"All Our Yesterdays" is its title, and its theme is a prophet brooding over the calamities of a generation and the destruction of Jerusalem, Blake's Jerusalem, built in a green and happy land. It is not a gloomy book. No man perhaps knew the war more intimately than the war correspondent (such as Tomlinson) whose finger was on the high-beating pulses long before the onset, who saw the war steadily and the whole of it from the reeking trenches where his comparative safety gave him detachment, back through the brains behind the line to the clash and swing of opinion in high circles and on into the hearts of the populace at home. Gloom was for the man at the front, lonely and misunderstood, and from such bitterness of gloom recent war books, especially the German, have sprung. But the pitying philosophic man that saw the whole had before him a spectacle that included but could not stop with individual misfortune.

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To Tomlinson it is a history of an epoch in which no man is a villain and none a mere brute, but all are hurried on and oppressed, according to their natures, by a tide of events whose cause is Pride. The philosophy of modern war which underlies his book is in close agreement with the conclusions of the soberest historians of the great conflict—all, all were guilty; though most were innocent of intent, all were born upon a current sprung from their own wills and carrying the ruthless and the naïve, the frivolous, the blind, and the rebellious, together down toward the abyss, where some achieved the satisfactions of their vanity, some touched nobleness, most found misery, distraction, or death.

It should be noted, however, that Tomlinson is a prophet not a historian—it is the fine, the stout

* ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. By H. M. TOMLINSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

This Week

"July, '14."
Reviewed by ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

"The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me."
Reviewed by DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH.

"Siberian Garrison."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"A History of the English People."
Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Sea Power: Its Meaning and Use.
By ALEC WILSON.

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minds, the good men subjected to evil, that concern him as he looks back on Jerusalem and turns his pity and his anger into words.

A book like "All Our Yesterdays" should not be too closely described in a review, for fear that in mere description the best of its qualities will leak out. Its virtues are deep, its faults apparent, but they are not, as some early readers have supposed, of structure and design. It is a book of human landscape in the murk, where a search light is turned spot by spot until the whole is imagined without ever being seen. It begins with the launching of a battleship, England's pride, with blood on the ways, it moves through the slow growing arrogance of the mob tasting pride and anger in the days of the Boer War. It passes to the far off tropics where the reaching tentacles of the great Powers, naked and violent at their tips, already are at private war for the raw wealth on which pride and power is built. It focuses for a moment on ruthlessness broken loose in Ireland, then, with increasing tempo, flashes upon the Great War, following now the fortunes of a single family, but carrying on, by the spot light, the bickerings of generals, the cynical irresponsibilities of politicians, and the military career of a high-minded soldier who, hating war, saw his duty and fought. Yet for Tomlinson the vividness of these narrative episodes is not enough. For him the question is not of realism (although his war scenes at their best have not been equalled in English), nor even of the coördination of those minds of all calibres and temperaments under the single stress of war into a significant whole, often intelligible and always significant. This is what he accomplishes by his flash lights and his conversation, by his scenes, as where Maynard returning from leave sees ruin spreading into anarchy as he finds his way toward the trenches, or where the narrator himself steps in an hour's transition from the devastated front line into the warm chateau where the men who are running the war sit discussing it like a game of chess. But the deep underlying theme of the book is wonder—since men, and good men, are like this, do thus, are so wrought upon, what is the answer to

in a crusade against a dragon, whose bestial maw consumed virtue and maidenhood, had sunk to vulgar hardships in cold mud. To what end? There seemed to be no such ugly reptile, after all; or else the dragon was common doom, and doom cannot be struck at. The foe was invisible. Its name was Legion, because the dragon had as many hearts as there were people who wanted it to live. Therefore it was invulnerable. The war was no better than a mania which had ceased to be heartening through its unvarying vacant seriousness; and weather and boredom; and the trampled mire and black clinker of the self-grinding and ubiquitous mill of death we called "the front." I looked out from a room in Amiens, to see what another morning of it was like, and noted in surprise, across the Rue de Noyon, a café with a name that had been noticeable on a night of an August long ago, when Maynard and I watched the retreat of the French through the city. There the café still was: *Tout va bien!* All went well, and today was almost spring in the third year of it. All went well, but the soft sky and the phase of the moon hinted that tonight we should be visited by the enemy's airplanes again, in their routine of blowing the city's upper bedrooms down to basements. Who, tomorrow morning, would be missing? . . .

I left the city's main street, and presently was enlarged from narrow and indeterminate side-turnings, and had more daylight around, and the august mass of the cathedral over me.

I looked up at that masterpiece again. I had never been certain that I admired it. The riot of its abundance was disturbing. Man's fertility can be disquieting; he is so versatile, and yet his energies may be only turbulent restlessness. The walls of the cathedral crawled with monsters, were populous with grotesque and wry faces; sometimes the lines of its ascending stones leaped upwards from the body of it, and spanned the air in curves, abutting after a dizzy flight. It fascinated and appalled, this cathedral, like the spectacle of humanity itself. With his hands clasped behind him, standing at his ease, an ordinary captain of British infantry stood near the piled sand-bags which protected the base of the west front from bomb splinters, considering the fervid and various masonry. I went and stood beside him on the instant, staring with him, but did not speak. Jim Maynard gave me no attention. He was too shy to glance at a stranger who acted as though the cathedral were everything and a British officer hardly noticeable. He had to hear me before he turned.

We passed through the base of that cliff, even before there had been more than two words between us. Perhaps we both felt we ought to go apart from the ambiguities before we spoke. We pushed through a muffled inner door, and then we could have been back in an earlier morning of the earth, which would be long in coming to noon, and would not abate to night. We had changed our age and place. The silence of th[illegible]y interior was the calm certitude of another dispo[illegible]f the mind of our fellows. If the show of men [illegible] was monstrous and turbulent, if the outer part o[illegible] Gothic mass was a mounting vortex of grotesque fancies, dark, gibbering, awful, and meaningless, rollicking up to an abrupt poise of haughty pinnacles, yet within the heart of it, looking through the grey quiet of the nave to the sanctuary, Jim and I could come together again.

There it was simple. We had nothing to say to each other now. All had been said here, long ago. Jim's uniform was stained and threadbare, yet the war had left upon him no other visible mark. He and his stained tunic and muddy boots were in place in the lucent calm of that retirement. His eyes were of the same nature as the patience of that grey light. He no longer appeared slight and of no significance, nor even shy and reticent, for his communication had been made when the world was young. The world had changed, and was changing still in a loud continuance of the trial of its errors, but whatever light Jim kept would not go out, though these walls fell. In that interior, with its triumphant magnitude and soaring pillars, there was a human aspiration which was spacious but composed. It seemed without bounds. Not only the walls kept it. It went beyond, in a dimension no catastrophe could reach, its distance veiled by a prismatic screen which fell from the rose window of the south transept athwart the high and slender shafting; and it ascended beside us straight to the vaulting in cool lines as direct as a simple cry to whatever might be. Man, too, had done this. This was his work. Jim's own ease was in accord with the lift and sober light of these stones. It might be hard to name the tradition, but that did not matter, for it would live. Jim himself did not know that he kept it. He was like the other good fellows. They would shield through the disaster, without knowing what they did, casual but steadfast, the glimmer they had which belonged to us all. That was safe. Our turbulent restlessness could not douse it. When all was over, nothing much would be left for some of us, is we were there to hear the last shot. All we should find would be the lamp still alight in the dead hand of a friend; with that we might find our way towards something perhaps as good as symphonies and cathedrals. It was the only victory we should get, and our enemy would gladly share it with us. I looked at Jim to make sure of this, for what is of first and last importance to us is hardly seen, but it is gone again, and Jim smiled at me in gentle irony. I knew that look of his. It was the best thing to be seen in France, and was almost as common there as the shells. I had seen a smile like it the day before. I had stooped over the body of a lad, left as offal on the vast midden of the Somme. In a hopeless attack over the mire, already without a date or a purpose, he had fallen. He was on his back, his arms outstretched in surrender to our will, his eyes open but looking past me, and that little smile at his lips might have come there as I stooped over him, just as his hair stirred slightly in the wind. He had beaten us. The day was his. He could wait now.

The faults of this book, such as they are, are evident. It is not easy reading in its first third, once the magnificent chapter on the launching of the battleship is passed, not easy at least for an American, because it implies, as an insider's book so often will, too much knowledge of the flux and reflux of British politics, British history, British journalism. Slowly it rises, gathering its brilliant episodes together into the universal interest of the war. The Briton becomes universal man: an English political story, H. G. Wells philosophized, emerges as a human document. Yet, like most books of high potentiality, it is never entirely easy reading. One must live with it, and learn through it. And Tomlinson's method of narrative, which is the method of a journalist writing two columns at a time, rather than that of a novelist sweeping on his story with the beginning and end of his plot in view, is opposed to the expectation of our reading habits. The mind must be adjusted to the cumulative fashion of the essay. It must do its own assembling, supply its own wheels. Here are no concessions for the kind of imagination that falls flat with every cease of action. You must approach "All Our Yesterdays" with a consciousness of magnitude in the subject, content therefore to take each chapter as a release of part of the secret, until the whole theme begins to emerge and quiver with life.

The virtues of "All Our Yesterdays" far outweigh these faults of idiosyncrasy, some of which are faults only in terms of current taste. It is the first war book (Blunden's perhaps a partial exception) to be written in an English worthy the greatness of the theme. Our best books hitherto, since "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," have come to us in the weakness of translation. It contains episodes which equal or surpass in their kind anything else written of the war:—the visit to Charles Bolt in the trenches, which, better than any description I know in any language, gives the spiritual loneliness, the unreality, the tension, the loyalty-in-danger of the front; the description of Paris in war time which will bring a spinal shiver of recognition to many an American; the Bolt household carrying on, the old people each one concealing from the other the death of a son. But best of all, I think, is its prophetic quality. This prose is not the response of the ready writer to the wish of story-telling. This is a book to lay old ghosts that haunt and trouble the mind until the suffering imagination rises to its task and taking the life it has known finds words to express what at the long last it seems to have meant, and not meant merely, but was, since in human experience there must be much that happens without more than a guessable significance. It is such a task that Tomlinson has carried through, and his book bears the unmistakable marks of a personality stamping its sincerity upon language which is the cause and nature of what we call, so coldly, style, a style, in this instance, which is a part and facet of his prophetic theme. In books like this the real war, beneath the fighting which was a symptom not the thing itself, will have its most enduring memory.

The Paris That Was

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of their descriptions always exults in the present glory of Paris as compared with the crude simplicity of the past. But the nineteenth century writers began to look backward and sigh both for the splendor and for the quaintness that has gone. On every page, they curse the Revolution or Baron Haussmann, and evoke tears and commemorative tablets over historic sites.

St. Victor, Hoffbauer, Rochegude, Simon, Caïn have all explored the past for great things and small anecdotes and presented them in a useful or a charming way. And Paris has gone on inspiring people who love her to express their admiration in gossipy talk, or in histories, or in side elevations to scale, or in sentimental recollections. And the books and prints and etchings already fill a library and a fascinating museum.

Mr. Slocombe's book is a pleasant gleaning of impressions and recollections, the kind of thing that is always delightful when it comes from a personality accustomed to observation and rich in experiences. Mr. Slocombe has lived in Paris for years and has loved it as only an Englishman or an American can. For a Frenchman takes his own capital for granted. One must be born in London or New York to feel the fullest appreciation of Paris and the Parisians. In between writing of peace conferences, Mr. Slocombe has amused himself by writing these rambling sketches about cafés, and bridges, and springtime, and Balzac, about weddings, and wines, and painters, of plays, and of bouillabaisse, of Mallarmé, and of the road to Avignon, of gay nights in the 'nineties, and of the funeral of Anatole France. He has been everywhere and seen everything, eaten wherever choice food is to be found, and drank wherever there are wines with a bouquet that lingers in the memory. He has seen fads in painting come and go, and fads in poetry, and fads in drinks; he has sat a great deal in sidewalk cafés and watched the world flow by, changing its opinions and chasing new illusions. And in his rather grave way he has enjoyed it all.

But it is the Paris of the eighteen nineties that Mr. Slocombe loves. Most of his pages have a faint regret for the days when Paris was French and really gay, when there were real painters and true poets, when cooking was still one of the major arts, and life, for a born *flaneur*, was a jolly thing to watch. But the automobile and Baron Haussmann and the Americans have ruined everything. Not only has the gaiety of the capital gone, but its wickedness has become only a faded legend. The captains and the kings have departed; they no longer wear whiskers and ride about in barouches and fight over courtisanes in the Parc des Princes.

Old men will still sit over their dyspepsia in the evening of their days and recall Voisin's when four kings dined there, and the Café des Anglais when an English duke fell down stairs and broke his neck, and a famous vaudeville dancing girl for a wager ran across the boulevard from one celebrated restaurant to another clad only in her slippers. But when they move feebly from their chairs to take the gasoline-laden air of the boulevards under the heroic trees, long in dying, their eyes are dazzled by a new chemical landscape of jazz bars and jazz cars and by a terrifying fresco of sky-signs and moving electric fingers pointing to the end of an epoch.

The effect of the book, charming as it is, is to persuade the frequenters of the Dôme who sit watching the soucoups pile up on the tables before them, that they are not really having such a glorious time as they might if they had come to Paris thirty or forty years ago.

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The Tragedy Evolves

JULY '14. By EMIL LUDWIG. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by Robert C. Binkley

THE origin of the war has been for years a theme of historical, political, and juridical writing; in Ludwig's work it enters *belles lettres*. Judged by the canons of historical writing his book, although more accurate than many that have appeared, is still weak. For instance, Ludwig's measure of the extent to which the masses opposed the war is belied not only by the known facts of the strength of Socialist parties in 1914, but also by such research as has been made into the state of public opinion on the eve of the war—notably by Jonathan French Scott in "Five Weeks." Judged as a contributor to political thought on the prevention of war, the author fails because he is still too much of a biographer. He emphasizes the importance of personalities rather than institutions—an emphasis which leads him to such conclusions as the following: "If Europe does not want to be dragged into another war, every country must pass laws forbidding any responsible minister to wear a gas mask; then they will come to terms." As a judicial verdict on war responsibility the conclusions of this volume are inadequate and unfair, because they result from the suppression of important evidence. Ludwig has nothing to say of Serbian conspiracies against Austria. He addresses to Count Berchtold a rhetorical question referring to Serbia as "that great booty for the sake of which you are destroying the peace of Europe." He defends the assassin Princip on the ground that "to strike the secular fetters from the limbs of millions of oppressed Slavs was a great aim." He has not the charity to admit that it was Berchtold's legitimate duty to resist the achievement of this aim, and to strive with his whole power to preserve the Monarchy which had given him the responsibility of office.

However, the book is so well written that it cannot be disposed of as if it were a mere product of research scholarship; it earns the right to be judged in another court, by the canons of literary criticism rather than by the standards of historical method. Perhaps we err in expecting to find in it any definitive solution of the historical problem of war origins, or of the political problem of war prevention, as if we should search epic literature for a dissertation upon responsibility for the Trojan War.

* * *

For here is excellent literature, powerful tragedy. The author has been more than fertile in the use of dramatic apparatus. The oldest and the youngest devices meet together in his pages. The scenes shift rapidly from one colorful location to another, as in a five-reel movie; the masses are paraded at intervals, like the chorus of a Greek drama. The ancient practice of improvising speeches by which the characters explain their purposes and motives—a practice invented by Thucydides and now long fallen into disuse among historians—is revived with good effect. Along with it the most modern psychiatric data is introduced; the Kaiser has a "psycho-pathological nature"; Poincaré awaits the war "like a maiden longing in a dream for the ecstasy of enravishment."

The chapter headings carry the story through rapidly changing scenes with ever increasing tension to its fearful climax. "The Murder" portrays the bloody scene at Sarejevo. "The War Counts" introduces Forgatch and Berchtold, reclining at ease in baroque arm chairs, pleasantly excited by the news from Bosnia, soliloquizing for several pages on the prospect of a short and successful Serbian War. Then "The Ultimatum" describes the execution of their diplomatic plan, "Dismay" depicts the reaction in Serbia, "Excitement" gives an account of the feverish response of Petrograd, "At Sea" tells of the French President and Premier hastening anxiously home through the Baltic as the war clouds lower, "Hesitation" analyzes the perplexity in which Lord Grey found himself.

> Here is revealed, as in a classical tragedy, the desperate situation of a man in authority seeking with all the force of his heart and soul to avoid the false step whose fatal consequences he foresees; and yet fatally doomed, whatever way he turns, to take that false step because in a weak moment he had been led into making half promises. Small is the guilt, pure the will, great the confusion, tragic the end.

Then comes "Expectation," and Izvolski, an "angel of terror," burning with desire for revenge, speeds in an express train across Germany, determined to bring on war. All the characters are now introduced; it is time for the chorus, and on it comes in a mob scene entitled "Protest." The people in the cities are shouting against war. The leaders of the Socialist International are meeting in Brussels. Jean Jaurès, the conscience of Europe, promises that French socialism will support the German socialists against the war-mongers "true till death." Dramatic irony! Jaurès will die in the last act.

The story hastens through "The Concert of Europe," "The Neutrals," "The Balance"; again the War Counts, the ambassadors, and the foreign ministers are on the stage. Then the diplomats recede and the military men come forward, but the military men are themselves tied to their own machinery of mobilization. When the Kaiser forbade for a day the march into Luxemburg, von Moltke broke down; as his memoirs confess, "I felt as if my heart would break . . . something in me had been destroyed which could never be replaced; confidence and trust were shaken." Then Ludwig moves to a conclusion:

A Skit by Joseph Pennell.

> The logic of the machine crushed its maker, and turned him into a slave. Ianuskevitch and Moltke, in whom the thoughts, the labors, the visions, the ambitions of a lifetime had been centered on war, suffered the most terrible moments of their lives when their precious toys, set in motion at last, were suddenly bidden to stand still.

And now, as the war wheels grind, it is time for the chorus again. "Treachery" exposes the lies by which the masses which had protested against war were convinced that they were to fight in self-defense. The ingenuity displayed by the statesmen in misleading their own people would have sufficed, if otherwise directed, to avert the war. Jaurès, last hope of peace, is killed. Then comes "The Avalanche."

> The lies and frivolity, the passion and fear of thirty diplomats, princes and generals, for four years transformed peaceable millions into murderers and robbers. . . . Those who were guilty of all this remained unpunished and free. . . . Not one of all the names which signed Europe's declaration of war, directly or indirectly, will be found in a casualty list. . . . But the people of Europe paid the bill with nine million corpses.

There is a theory once propounded by Hebbell that in great tragedy all the characters are right, and the essence of the tragic situation is just that fact,—that being right, they are carried onward to disaster. Ludwig's drama does not rise to the height of tragedy so conceived; there is too much irritation at the follies of men, too much indignation at their crimes. Had Ludwig set forth more clearly that the statesmen no less than the military men were enslaved by their creations, that the War Counts were doing their duty, that the peoples who were to suffer were co-makers of the system which demanded suffering of them, he would have written not only better history, but better tragedy. For the events of July, 1914, were even more truly tragic than Ludwig makes them out to be.

Hugh Walpole has just finished a comedy called "The Young Huntress," which will shortly be produced in London. This is his first play, although his novel, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," has been dramatized.

Pennell, Man and Artist

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH PENNELL. By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. 2 vols.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

IT was a mistaken devotion that led Mrs. Pennell to extend this memoir of her talented husband to the customary two-volume form. To begin with, the narrative had been heavily discounted by Pennell's "Adventures of an Illustrator" and by Mrs. Pennell's own charming book, "Night." Next, though the material in letters is abundant, the letters themselves soon become monotonous. Occasionally animated by waspish comment on his contemporaries, the letters are usually mere records of his doings. Pennell was too self-centred to write good letters. They have no leisure, richness, or picture-making power. There is a singular lack of expressions of admiration for the work of other artists, past or present. The value of the biography, then, is simply that of personal record. As such it is remarkable. One follows almost day by day the activities of a fine craftsman—his work, his public functions, including the management of many exhibitions, authorship, journalistic art criticisms, even law suits in behalf of his craft. Such a record was well worth making, and inspires respect for the subject. But it could better have been made in one volume, and even Mrs. Pennell's extraordinary literary tact in compiling and linking the material is inadequate to enliven many dreary stretches.

The opening chapters are the most delightful, covering the development of the shy Quaker lad into a budding illustrator and that collaboration with a talented young Philadelphian girl, for the *Century*, which ripened into so long and ideal a partnership. Proceeding, one is constantly confronted with the paradox that this most egregiously egotistic man was also extraordinarily generous, spending himself almost fanatically for his students and giving noble gifts to New York City and to the nation. Generous, too, in the way in which he accepted every sort of journalistic call, to aid his craft or oblige an editor friend. Indeed, despite the mass of first-hand evidence here offered, the man remains inscrutable. His patent bumptiousness does not contain him, it seems an unhappy defensive reaction put out by the shy Quaker boy, and not of the personal essence. It is incompatible, for example, with that ardent and most versatile craftsmanship in devotion to which Pennell was the most serious of men.

The book clears up certain technical points. In the reviewers youth it used to be whispered about that the architectural marvels of Pennell were drawn over salt prints. We learn instead that he found photographs of no use to him and sensibly employed for a time an architectural draughtsman to lay out his scheme, later handling himself the most difficult problems of perspective free hand. There is a letter of criticism to a pupil, volume II, page 285, which is pure gold, but in its quaint Quaker style it is all of a piece, and offers nothing for brief quotation. It expresses capitally the strenuous and severely self-critical side of Pennell's apparently facile talent.

The abundant illustrations bear out the reviewer's long conviction that the permanently valuable residuum of Pennell's prolific art is to be found not in the famous series of his later years, but in those charmingly intimate little etchings in which he celebrated the demure charm of his native Philadelphia and of old London.

Dr. Evarts B. Greene, Professor of History at Columbia University, has been chosen president of the American Historical Association for 1930. Dr. Greene, who succeeds Dr. James Harvey Robinson, has long been prominent in the historical world. He has been active in the movement to raise a $1,000,000 endowment for historical research and has written, among other works, "The Provincial Governor in English Colonies of North America," "Government of Illinois," "Provincial America," "American Interest in Popular Government Abroad" and "Foundations of American Nationality." He has also contributed to historical and educational periodicals.

During his recent tour in the United States, lasting twenty-six days, Mr. Edgar Wallace was interviewed eighty-seven times and photographed twenty-three times. He signed over 3,000 autographs.

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Rollicking Soldier Songs

SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME. According to JOHN J. "JACK" NILES, DOUGLAS S. "DOUG" MOORE, and A. A. "WALLY" WALLGREN. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH
Harvard University

A RICH and riotous collection this, put together by three light-hearted youths. The songs were compiled by Jack Niles, one-time First Lieutenant in the Air Service, and the arrangements made by Doug Moore, formerly Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and illustrated by Wally Walgren, official cartoonist of the *Stars and Stripes*, A. E. F. The book shows another side of the recent war, one as authentic as the glooms and horrors of recent fiction and drama, and welcome as contrast to them. American soldiers, at least, were not always wretched or in pain, but managed, between intervals of trench attacks and air raids, to snatch a deal of fun out of their experiences. Their songs reveal that while they had their moments of melancholy, they had gaiety as well, even if they had to make it out of their misery. It is a task well worth doing, to bring together the songs the fighting men sang spontaneously, a service that has not been rendered for any other war. This is real folk-stuff and will be valuable for historians and fiction writers and dramatists.

Lieutenant Niles, the author of "Singing Soldiers," was alert to the importance of war songs while he was in France, and so he got an early start in collecting the words and music. He has carried on his activities ever since, and has collected more than a hundred songs having their origin in the English-speaking armies and navies. He has interviewed and written to innumerable persons and this volume represents contributions from many parts of the world. Some of the ballads have had to be expurgated, but there remains enough ribaldry to satisfy all but the most exacting realist.

'Twas a hell of a war, as we recall,
But still 'twas better than none at all.

The privates could express in group singing some of their opinions concerning their superior officers, and the corporal, the sergeant, and those more lofty ones received their meed of scorn:

Oh, it's drive the gen'ral's car, my boy, if you want to come out whole,
For a tin hat never takes a chance with his immortal soul.
They always sleep between the sheets and eat three squares a day,
While the doughboy's up to his neck in mud for thirty dollars pay.

There are songs about cooties and shrapnel, about the army mule and horse ("I Learned About Horses from Her!"); there are ballads about food and mud and other dramatic details of life in action. All the new inventions enter in, to show that music was not behind the date.

Romance has not the same place of importance here as in the average collection, but it does appear, though generally in ironic form. There are various songs about sudden and unconventional love in comic lines, as "Mad'moiselle from Armentières," "Venezuela," "Some Say That Love Is a Blessing," and others. Cissie Loftus, an authority on humorous songs, says that the last has long been used for a ribald, cockney song about an English housemaid. She learned it in a convent school in London. There are said to be more unprintable stanzas of it than of any other song. There are two versions of Franky and Johnny, for that lively couple, as one might expect, could not stay out of this war.

Franky and Johnny were lovers,
They were both making the war;
Franky she knew her sweet Johnny
And she didn't trust him so far.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong!

There are plucky songs that jest at death, that turn Chopin's Funeral March into "Ten Thousand Dollars for the Folks Back Home," and, as in the Hearse Song, pile up detail of the fate that may come next to the singer himself. He may be the next one to be carted in the hearse to Field 13, where:

Oh, the bugs crawl in and the bugs crawl out,
They do right dress and they turn about,
Then each one takes a bite or two
Out of what the War Office used to call you.

The negro soldier expresses himself fervently in "Settin' in de Cotton," when he says:

When de cannon balls a singin' and de mustard gass is low,
If I sholey had my ruthers, Alabama's where I'd go!

A Maryland outfit of negro Engineers furnished the words and music for this song.

The terror of the bomb and poison gas are told in some of the stanzas, as in "Bombed Last Night," whose chorus goes:

They're warnin' us, they're warnin' us,
One respirator for the four of us.
Glory be to God that three of us can run,
So one of us can use it all alone!

Captain John W. Thomason says, "The songs men sing are revealing,—sometimes terribly so." It is a temptation to quote too much. One can only say that this book will furnish a lively hour when old service men get together, and will be a significant addition to war records. And every reader of the book should try to hear Jack Niles himself sing some of the songs.

Goose-Liver and Dates

SIBERIAN GARRISON. By RODION MARKOVITS. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THIS Hungarian story of the war and of war-prisoners' life in Siberia belongs to the same school of disillusion and debunking as "All Quiet On the Western Front," and deserves, indeed, to be put beside it, although Markovits's narrative is more literally a diary of personal experience, more gossipy and specific, and less transmuted into general and imaginative terms.

In what reads, indeed, as largely a record of actual individual experience, the Hungarian soldier follows a man through the early days of mobilization, into the trenches, and then through several years of prison camp life in eastern Siberia, including that grotesque and nightmare period when all forms of authority and control broke and cut across each other as old Russia disintegrated and Russia's war prisoners found themselves whirled about and sucked under in a hideous and murderous tangle of Red and White.

The individual whose fortunes are followed here is somewhat older than the narrator in Remarque's book. He is married, has a little son, his Doctor's degree, and is just about starting out to wangle himself a place somewhere in the middle-class or lower-middle-class levels of the old Continental hierarchy. Throughout the story the American reader will find farcical and grotesque situations arising from somebody's insistence on his caste privileges, absurd and seemingly medieval snarls over affronted "honor"—many things, in short, which may seem remote to his own war experience. Similarly, he will be struck by the bland and trustful recourse which Markovits's young officers have to pull, "protection," and petty bribery, and he must remember that he is dealing here, not with Americans or Englishmen, or even Germans, but with the softer, more feudal children of old Franz Joseph's extraordinary monarchy.

* * *

Markovits has a fine gift of irony and an exceedingly clever trick of breaking up heroic generalizations into their petty, particular human terms. And he works this trick both ways. He jumps, that is to say, from the general to the particular, sometimes to make war seem base and absurd as contrasted with the helpless humanity sucked into it, and sometimes to make humanity itself absurd. He has another and similar trick (one calls it such because it is so often repeated that it presently has the air of a mannerism) of giving the "feel" of an historical moment, of a continent, by resolving it, suddenly, into a kaleidescopic variety of particular terms. As the Hungarian prisoners' troop-train crosses the border into that unknown and dreaded Siberia—

. . . the engine whistled, it took leave of Europe, took leave of the Erechtheion, took leave of the Eiffel Tower, of the Cologne Cathedral, of the Milan Scala, of Torquemada and of Dante, of Ibsen and of Rainer Maria Rilke, of the old Jewish cemetery in Prague and of the British Museum, of the horse-races at Káposztásmegyer and of the *Café Abazzia*, of the swift news-boys and of the Seven Years War, of Byzantium and of Richard Wagner, of Richard the Lion-Hearted and of the Corvina Codices, of Quintus Horatius Flaccus and of March bock beer. . . .

Once, in a Manchurian town, the prisoners were permitted to go sight-seeing. The Chinese coolie took his jinricksha passenger rapidly toward the center of the city and suddenly stopped in front of a large store. He pointed at the show-window, and said, "correctly and accurately—"*Paprika!*". All the poor Chinaman had been taught of Hungarian culture, history, and civilization, was: paprika.

The Chinaman calls "paprika": the king of the Arpád dynasty, and Kazinczy's great movement for the regeneration of the language, and Miskolcz jelly, and Tokay wine, and the Chain Bridge, and the Hortobágy, and the Twelfth Honvéd Infantry Regiment, and Andrássy Avenue, and Madách's "The Tragedy of Man," and the Dózsa rebellion. The stupidest thing on earth is to characterize a nation with one word. A country. Then the result is: paprika or goulash. . . . When referring to Italians, people say "macaroni," and Rafael is lucky if he is included. Of the Russians, they say vodka, and that embraces Dostoievsky, *too*. . . .

Once, during his days at the front, the Hungarian soldier got leave to go home. Everybody gave him commissions to perform, and his lieutenant ordered him to go to the lieutenant's wife and have the latter send back to him a package of goose-livers with dates. On the way back to the front, soldiers ate up the package during the night. He had to go to his superior officer and report that he had failed to obey orders. He had no goose-liver with dates. Following the same method as suggested above, the author contrives to shrivel down military discipline, the whole war—"hatred faces hatred from Ypres to the Black Sea, millions wrestle and cry in agony, and white birchen crosses glisten on soldiers' graves throughout the Ukraine"—to dwarf it all under a package of goose-liver and dates.

So much for his general point of view and method. The narrative is vivid, amusing, horrible, piteous. Nothing is left out, not even the sexual rot that set in after the years of starved, abnormal existence in cages. Although it often over-accents, harps too insistently on the favorite ironic note, and may always be read for entertainment like any novel, it is, nevertheless, a serious and important contribution to the case-history of the time.

What of the Future

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By ÉLIE HALÉVY. Epilogue. Volume I. Translated by E. I. WATKIN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

IT is not necessary to introduce M. Halévy to any one who is interested in the history of nineteenth century England. From the moment of the appearance of the first volume of his history of that country in that period he has had a place second to none—and with no very close second—in his field of history. Beside his work most of that of his rivals seems thin and pale, and much of it very small beer indeed. For he brought to his study of British affairs in the nineteenth century two qualities as rare as they are desirable—a strong and original intellect and a knowledge of European affairs of the utmost value to a historian of England. It was said long ago that "He little knows of England who only England knows"; but that great thought does not to have seem to have penetrated deeply into the minds of British historians. It would, perhaps, be treason to suggest that it is a motto which, properly adjusted, might with great profit be used to guide the feet of many American historians as well. It is, in fact, the greatest charge against too many historians of all countries that they neither their skies change nor yet their minds.

That charge cannot be brought against M.

The Saturday Review
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Halévy. He has not merely thrown new light upon the history of England in the period of which he treats, he has made that history over, and he has made it real. Henceforth it will be impossible for any one to write about it without taking into account his work, and, especially, his point of view. For he is no mere "political," nor even a mere "social," historian, within the ordinary meaning of those words. Politics and society he treats, of course, with foreign affairs, legislation, constitutional change, and all the rest. But he does more. He brings all these together into a well-rounded whole; he makes each contribute to the other; and he makes the whole plausible. One believes in reading him what one does not always believe in many other books, that this is not only true but alive.

The present volume of the excellent translation in which his book appears treats of the years 1895-1905. Is it without significance that it has as its sub-title "Epilogue"? For it covers the years of the great disillusionment; when Great Britain, so long the model for the world of industry, of empire, of letters, if not of art, of all that makes for national greatness—and self-complacency—began to feel that all was not for the best, nor this the best of all possible worlds. It was the era in which she began to feel the competition of Germany and America, the upward urge of the working classes, the doubts about education, social welfare, *laissez faire,* individualism, liberalism, even free trade. It was the era when what Halévy calls, unkindly, though it was not so meant, the "Prussian influence," began to make itself felt in many directions; when the defeatist doctrines of socialism and syndicalism raised their heads; when benevolent paternalism began to replace the chaotic but vigorous, the illogical but once triumphant "freedom" of the old Liberals. It was the time when doubt crept in. It was the time when Fabians and political trades-unions began to raise their heads. In brief, it is a changing world of which he treats, a world which would have been all but inconceivable to an earlier generation.

This volume is a fascinating study to one who has the slightest interest not only in England but in the modern movements of society. It reveals—though that is not explicitly indicated—the decline of the individual and the entrance of the state, the shadow of the dictatorship of society over the individual. And it is called an "Epilogue."

One may agree or disagree with the doctrines which, in the period of which Halévy treats, began to influence legislation and administration. One may believe them either the salvation or the ruin of this great fabric. But in reading these pages one thing that seems to stand out is the inevitableness of their adoption. They seem, each one as it appears, so reasonable, so necessary, each fitting into the other, each the inevitable consequence of the other. One feels all but helpless before the movement which gathers strength as it goes, even though one may believe the whole thing wrong. Each party, for purposes of its own, in turn adopts the measures which take the country along the narrow and prescribed line from which there seems no escape.

Whither that line leads, M. Halévy being an historian, does not profess to indicate. Yet it seems to lead to some kind of a dictatorship, whether it be called by that name or by that of socialism. For as one reads his enthralling pages one sees the individual shrink in importance before his very eyes, till that creature, the ideal of mid-nineteenth century liberalism, threatens actually to disappear as a political being. Between Mill on Liberty and Shaw's Socialism for intelligent women one perceives a gulf of incredible width and depth. One finds oneself not merely in an other world from that of the mid-nineteenth century but in another dimension. And one may be permitted to wonder where it all comes out; for of all the impressions of the many which this volume gives us, that of the uncertainty of the future, unless that future be dictatorship, seems the most overpowering. And the next question is still more puzzling—dictatorship of what?—of "business," of "labor," or "capital," or the "proletariat," or Mussolini in an English dress; Wat Tyler, or Oliver Cromwell; of Parliament or the Trades Union Congress; or that of the crown—as in Shaw's "Apple Cart"? For that, as matters stand, seems to be the solution offered by the greatest literary figure of the Fabians. And surely that is a peculiarly lame and impotent conclusion of so great a matter. Is it possible that the mountain has labored so long and earnestly only to bring forth this *ridiculus mus*?

The Bowling Green

The Folder

NOTIONS FOR A NEW YEAR

1. *To Be Put in a Wastebasket*

I HAVE bought a new wastebasket,
and I must have something
to put into it.

I must throw something away.
I don't want to throw anything away,
but here I have a new wastebasket.

Did you ever write anything to throw away
just to put in your new wastebasket?

2. *Notation*

I hate to throw away
this sheet
of my calendar.
I shall fold it seven times
into a tiny note
and put it
in a back corner
of my desk drawer.
I may not ever look at it again,

but I shall know
that it is there.

3. *The Prairie Whispers*

There is a poem
in this sentence
from a history text-book:
"In 1838
the Territory of Iowa had a population
of 22,859;
By 1844
this number had increased
to 75,152."

ALLEN READ

* * *

The recent fire in the White House offices in Washington makes specially timely the appeal now being made by the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia—founded 150 years ago by Benjamin Franklin. This, I believe, was America's first Academy of pure scientific research, gathered as "a society of liberal and ingenious men uniting their labours, without regard to nation, sect or party, in one grand pursuit." For many years the old quarters of the Society in Independence Square have been not only inadequate but also unsafe for the care of its collections. No less an authority than Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach has estimated the commercial value of the Society's books, manuscripts, portraits, scientific instruments &c, at thirty million dollars. The Society now appeals to future-loving patrons to assist in raising a million dollars for its new building.

Dr. Rosenbach has kindly sent me some information about the Society's history, from which I quote:—

In the shadows of Independence Hall, the Society's home has stood for more than 140 years. All around it skyscrapers emphasize the material progress of the great nation, which was inspired by the Declaration of Independence for which members of the Society were largely responsible. In the cloistered seclusion of its historic meeting room distinguished leaders of thought have gathered to discuss progress in learning and cultural advancement. Here, seated in Franklin's library chair, each president of the Society has conducted the stated meetings. On the wall is a portrait of George Washington, by the immortal Gilbert Stuart, and nearby ticks the Rittenhouse clock, used to record the transit of Venus, June 3, 1769. Franklin's battery, his first electrical machine, and portraits and busts of distinguished men, many of them past presidents of the Society, are a constant inspiration to the present members at their gatherings—and a constant reminder that in a flash this treasure house of knowledge and historical record may be lost to mankind.

A spark, a puff of wind, and two centuries of contribution to science would be smouldering embers.

Two years ago, at the celebration of its bicentenary, the members of the Society, crowded for space in the old Hall, were startled with the realization that a new building was an imperative need. A new cultural centre was essential for larger meetings, for administration and publication activities and the proper housing of the Society's expanding library and priceless collections, for study and research and for authoritative dissemination of news in the fields of learning.

If housed permanently and safely in a modern structure, designed specially to meet the needs of the times, the Society felt that an enlarged and progressive programme might be possible of accomplishment.

Since the bicentenary, the Society has taken important steps toward the achievement of its plan for a new Philosophical Hall. On Philadelphia's Parkway, within sight of the Museum of Art, the Free Library and other such institutions that are vital to cultural progress, the city has set aside a site to be exchanged at the option of the Society for its present location. And upon this property, it is planned to erect a million-dollar structure.

Prosperity and power beyond all dreams "afford leisure to cultivate the finer arts and improve the common stock of knowledge." Distinguished men the world over have been and still are members of the learned society which grew out of Franklin's Junto, and a great cultural centre has come to be that society's greatest opportunity.

Nine Presidents—from Washington to Hoover—have been elected from the membership of this first academy in the United States, three other Presidents have been honoured by membership after their inauguration. All of the seven American winners of the Nobel prize have been chosen from the Society's roll and fifteen signers of the Declaration of Independence belonged to this group.

Each Athenian under the Periclean law had the right to own five slaves. Each American in this machine age has an estimated power equivalent to that of 150 slaves.

America today has the same opportunity that Franklin seized, the leisure, after the rush of post-war rehabilitation, "to cultivate the finer arts and improve the common stock of knowledge." Thousands now find themselves in circumstances that set them at ease.

Our machines are producing millionaires by the thousands and enough leisure time and individual wealth to permit of the spending each year of more than thirty billions of dollars for recreation and amusement alone. We have reached what seems to most of us about the limit of possible needs in the way of creature comfort and our philanthropists, giving more than two and a half billions each year for human advancement, are faced with the problem of how to give still more billions. Great universities, secondary schools, hospitals, libraries, museums and other cultural institutions are permanent memorials to the prosperity, the resulting opportunity for pause and the vision of machine-age Alexanders seeking cultural worlds to conquer.

This great project, however, needs not only Alexanders; there is opportunity and privilege also for a great many modest contributors, to whom it will be a lasting satisfaction to feel they have had a share in "the grand pursuit" of futurity. I do not know the details of the subscription procedure, but I am sure that those who feel like celebrating a New Year in such compounding fashion may send checks to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, 1320 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. It was always one ambition of the Bowling Green "to make New York and Philadelphia love one another," and it would be particularly pleasant if New York made generous gestures to its sedentary sister for this superb cause.

During a somewhat protracted vacation, the Green has allowed an unpardonably large amount of matter to procrastinate in THE FOLDER. This letter from Stuart Sherman's biographer, for example, should have been printed long ago:—

* * *

In The Bowling Green of September 14 you printed a set of questions concerning Stuart P. Sherman addressed to you by Miss Lillian Zellhoefer, without taking the trouble to answer any of them. Some of the questions called for an expression of your personal opinion, and no one can relieve you from responsibility for those. Most of the others were questions of fact and will be answered in "The Life and Letters of Stuart Sherman" which is about to be issued from the press of Farrar and Rinehart. It was with the notion that there were, or should be, a good many persons in the country interested in the same questions as Miss Zellhoefer that my friend Homer Woodbridge and myself undertook to produce this biography, and we hope that the light our material throws on the successive stages of Sherman's career will dispel some of the misconceptions that are implicit in your correspondent's generally intelligent questions. Sherman was not, for instance, prejudiced against everything German, and no one is in a better position than his Jewish friend and biographer to deny that he ever revealed the least hostility toward the Jews as such. The influence upon him of the New England tradition and Puritanism, the nature of his relations with Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, the strength and sincerity of his early conservatism, his attitude toward Mencken and the younger generation, the effect upon him of the great war, the apparent change of front in his later years, his views on the study and the teaching of literature in our universities, are all matters that receive ample attention in our book.

Urbanna, Illinois.

Sincerely yours,
JACOB ZEITLIN.

* * *

One reason for believing the New Year will be a good one is that there's a "new, revised and greatly enlarged" edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary. As many know, there is no volume that gives more innocent felicity. The word *kinsprit* hasn't got into it yet—but we are still hoping.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Outside—Looking In

IN that day inexorably appointed of the gods—and of common sense amounting to the same thing—when the United States of America shall pull its head out of the sand, quit posing and preening, and shall walk like a sane adult of today's world through the front door of the League of Nations into the place where it belongs and always has belonged, I suppose we shall smugly boast that after all the League was our own idea. It will be true at that; we can cite innumerable speeches to prove it. I do not know just what alibi we shall fabricate as excusing our long delay in making good all that eloquence. Probably the less said about it the better. For ten years a permanent seat at the Council-table has awaited us, and a welcome to tasks peculiarly congenial. Our chair has been put away to continue gathering dust for nobody knows how much longer. The welcome still awaits, cooled somewhat in respect of exuberance by lapse of time, by a certain rowdy discourtesy on our part happily abandoned of late, but chiefly by the discovery that they get along pretty well without us.

There was a period, during the Harding and well into the Coolidge administration, when for months on end with surly truculence we ignored every communication from the League, whether sent to Washington direct or through the Government of The Netherlands, the orthodox official channel. That was the time of which Elihu Root spoke so bitterly three years ago, in accepting the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Award:

> It came to be a common thing to read in the newspapers and to hear in speech and conversation expressions of expectation that the League would fail, and evident pleasure when it seemed that it would fail.

I was at Geneva when suddenly, unaccountably, this policy was reversed, and some fourteen replies landed *in one mail*. I chanced to be at the Secretariat on the morning when via our Legation at Berne there came in a more or less whispered request for all of the documents of the League from the beginning! A large order that, running into tons of white paper; some of the stuff was long since out of print. Chuckling with grim satisfaction the League officials, especially the Americans among them, got together that immense bulk of belated information, much of it about things and transactions of great importance in our own business.

That marked the turn in the tide. Since then we have received the entire output of the League. And, what is more important, since then there has been a steadily increasing participation by the United States Government as such in activities of and collateral to the League. To be sure, some of that participation has been grudging, offish; at times downright rude. I have always believed, and believe now, that our bad manners were exacerbated by guilty conscience! However that be, "Geneva" has discerned and made allowances for our domestic politics, for understandable hesitations on the part of persons in official position whose private intelligence might be occluded by timorous prudence—a phenomenon by no means peculiarly American. Over there they understand politics very well. Their tactics toward us have perfectly exemplified the sentiment of a song which in my boyhood the black-faced minstrels used to announce for congregational singing:

"Never Push an Angle-Worm When He's Going Up-Hill."

I know a good many persons who are, or imagine themselves to be, opposed to any participation by the United States in the League of Nations. On the fingers of one hand I can count among them such, free of partisan political bias, as have any real comprehension of the subject. Undoubtedly there is such a thing as understanding the League, giving it full credit for its work and achievements, and at the same time sincerely believing that the United States, while cordially coöperating in every consistent way, should stop short of full membership. But examples of this state of intelligence are exceedingly few, and diminishing. In other words, most of the opposition is by people who don't know what they are talking about. At a meeting in one of the women's clubs in New York City rose up bristling a woman wagging a menacing finger at the speaker who had been lauding accomplishments of the League, to demand: "If this League of Nations is so powerful in preventing wars as you pretend to think, tell me this: *Why didn't it prevent the World War?*"

Just like that. An uncommonly grotesque illustration of the kind of mental equipment which has buttressed opposition during the ten years of the League's successful struggle without our aid—for a long time against our official malice—to incarnate the dream of which Americans used to boast. To effectuate such declarations as this:

> I know the difficulties which arise when we speak of anything which seems to involve an alliance. But I do not believe that when Washington warned us against entangling alliances he meant for one moment that we should not join with the other civilized nations of the world if a method could be found to diminish war and encourage peace.

LET us waive the fact that the expression "entangling alliances" was uttered not by George Washington at all but long after Washington's death by that patron saint of democracy, Thomas Jefferson. Washington had as little foresight of this present world as he had of aviation and the radio. And what he warned his fellow-countrymen against was *exclusive* alliances, leading to "excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another"—the evil condition which the League of Nations is expressly designed to obviate. Anyhow, one might naturally attribute the declaration quoted above to Woodrow Wilson. They are not words of Mr. Wilson, though he was personally present and presumably approving when they were uttered—at Washington in May, 1916, at the first assembly of the League to Enforce Peace—by no less redoubtable a subsequent opponent of the League of Nations than Senator Henry Cabot Lodge!

Upon that same occasion one William Howard Taft, then lately President of the United States, and at this present writing Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, argued elaborately (with supporting citations of high legal authority) that there was no constitutional bar to our joining a league of nations to compel peace in the world by the use of the common military force. He went so far as to say that while it would still remain within the exclusive prerogative of Congress to determine in every concrete case whether or not to participate in such an act of war, its refusal of such participation would be a national breach of faith.

At that time partisan politics had not bedeviled the question. Nor did Mr. Taft have before him the actual Covenant for the actual League of Nations, including that provision which became the principal bugaboo and sticking-point of the Irreconcilables whose captain and protagonist was Senator Lodge himself—Article Ten. Compare with its milk-and-water provision for mere taking of counsel, that whole mouthful of "teeth" gnashing in the "third principle" of the League to Enforce Peace (of which, by the way, Mr. Taft was President). Look at them, side-by-side:

League to Enforce Peace "Third Principle"	League of Nations Covenant Article X
Third: The signatory powers *shall jointly use forthwith their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war*, or commits acts of hostility, against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing. ["The foregoing" was provision for an international court and obligatory arbitration.]	Article X.—The Members of the League [of Nations] undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression *the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.*

That operation of Article X would commit us to precisely the thing that Mr. Taft declared to be both constitutional and necessary; the thing that Senator Lodge said must supplant the alleged futilities of voluntary arbitration: namely, the use of international force against violators of the world's peace—this has been the ostensible backbone of most of the opposition to our entry into the League. It was the backbone of the renowned letter of October, 1920, commonly attributed to Mr. Root and signed by him and thirty other outstanding Republicans including thirteen college presidents, urging the election of Harding as the best means toward creating an "Association of Nations" worthy of American support.

Dr. Henry N. McCracken, president of Vassar College, refused to sign the letter. It was his opinion, amply justified by the event, that it would have no post-election influence upon Harding, and that nothing in the nature of interational coöperation could be expected from the group of Senators which would continue to control the Republican policy. The truth is that regardless of the wisdom of President Wilson's own belligerently uncompromising tactics in meeting it, the opposition would have been no less bitter had he brought back from Paris the Multiplication Table, the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount.

Among the signers of that famous campaign letter were Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, chairman, and at least three other members (Messrs. Strauss, Ullman, and Wickersham) of the executive committee of the League to Enforce Peace. This despite Dr. Lowell's insistence at the meeting above referred to, that the only effective deterrent of aggression, "a doom no nation will dare to face," must be knowledge "that the great nations will use forthwith all their powers, moral, economic, and military." There must be a *League*, said Dr. Lowell. No single country could enforce a *Pax Romana* upon the modern world:

> To attempt it would be to make itself a Don Quixote in search of perilous adventures, to suffer defeat and become a laughing-stock. . . Such a league is not possible unless our country is willing to join it; nay, more, unless we take a prominent part in its formation.

WELL, Dr. Lowell to the contrary notwithstanding, a League of Nations has come into effective being not only without our having any "prominent part" in its formation, but despite our contemptuous secession; without the backing or any use of the united force which Dr. Lowell pronounced indispensable, and armed only with "the rattle of an unarmed watchman and the convening of councils" which in that same speech he scorned as futile. But quite recently we ourselves have demonstrated the truth of his prophecy concerning a nation trying to go it alone.

Mr. Root, in accepting the Wilson Award, described the League of Nations and World Court as "incomparably the best service in the cause of peace known in the history of civilization." And what's more, thus savagely he denounced the success of the Irreconcilables to whose destructive power his signature to that letter contributed warrant and respectability:

> We have allowed insensate prejudice, camouflaged by futile phrases, to appear, but falsely appear, to represent the true heart of the American people. . . The repercussions of our domestic strife seem to have prevented the effectiveness of our noblest impulses.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, another of the illustrious Thirty-one, while still justifying his signature and demurring by way of alibi that "the facts are now wholly different," made even more substantial recantation, when before the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association in January, 1927, he described the position into which his country had drifted:

> The policies—or perhaps lack of policies—as to international affairs, that have been pursued since the Armistice have made this nation of ours a dangerous derelict afloat across the path of every ship that sails laden with the precious cargo of international friendship and accord.

Charles Evans Hughes (likewise among the signers of that letter) was Secretary of State during the period when existed in our international relations and particularly with reference to the League of

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by John Palmer Gavit

Nations in its precarious infancy, the condition so harshly characterized by Dr. Butler. Mr. Hughes is not much given to repentance, much less to recantation; so far as concerns his present attitude we know at any rate that he is now one of the distinguished judges of the World Court although the United States is not a member, elected to that exalted Bench by that selfsame League of Nations which established the Court, and with which as Secretary of State he was to say the least not on speaking terms!

Herbert Hoover signed that letter. He was not then in active politics, although recently he had aspired to the Republican Presidential nomination, and subsequently became a member of the Harding Cabinet. One month before the publication of the letter, speaking at West Point, Mr. Hoover, after absurdly attributing to ex-President Roosevelt the first voicing of the American aspiration toward a league of nations, said:

> I could not stand in the footprints of that great American without making reference to that aspiration. I believe it is the hope of practically the whole of the American people that we may enter upon this great experiment in its broad sense.

I do not know what Herbert Hoover, now President of the United States, thinks in his private heart about our behavior toward the League of Nations. But he is sufficiently on record about our participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice, without which the League would be almost meaningless, as the Court would be almost meaningless without the League.

I know of several other members of that galaxy of the Thirty-one who would enlist all their piety and wit could they lure the Moving Finger back to cancel from that document their own unhappy names.

THE point in recalling this shabby political history lies not in that it has cost us incalculably in the esteem of our neighbors, not to mention our own. Perhaps we shall live that down—momentous political changes take place, sometimes very swiftly, and the memory of mankind is short. It lies in the fact that our very recalcitrance may have been the chief contribution to the wholesome strength into which the League has grown. To our obstinate withholding more than to anything else may be due the fact that its development not only has failed to justify most of the fears, expectations, theories generally, of both sides in that partisan controversy; but has been other and probably wiser and sounder—slowly-growing roots have penetrated deeper and more durably into the life of the world—than would have been likely had we—especially in our political turmoil of that time—been actively involved in the making of the League. The loss is ours. "God moves in a mysterious way." . . .

Deprived of recourse to the overwhelming resources of the United States, and even of its moral support, Article X has been virtually non-existent. Even had there been occasion or disposition to resort to it, no nation or group of nations would dare attempt an economic, much less a military boycott against another, facing the probability that it would be nullified by a "neutral" United States, inspired by the commercial opportunity to a more than ordinary jealousy for "freedom of the seas." That was the real reason for Great Britain's scuttling of the 1924 "Geneva Protocol," and for the insufficiency of all the other efforts to "outlaw war." So in the last analysis we are largely if not entirely responsible for the fact that the League of Nations has been obliged willy-nilly to content itself with moral force as its sole armament. And it has worked. "The rattle of the unarmed watchman" has been a more potent weapon than Dr. Lowell's kind of imagination would visualize. "A decent respect to the opinions of mankind" has turned out to be a vital factor in the behavior of nations.

IN calling the attention of Russia and China to their pledges under the co-called Kellogg Pact, Mr. Stimson evoked Russia's true, even if characteristically insolent, retort that the Pact authorized no such butting-in on the part of co-signatories. Quite other is the posture contemplated by Article XI of the League Covenant, which expressly declares "any threat of war, *whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not*," to be a matter of concern to the whole League. Nay, it goes further:

> 2. It is also declared to be *the friendly right* of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council *any circumstance whatever affecting international relations* which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

"Whether affecting any of the Members of the League or not." . . . It may well be argued that the League was remiss in not having beaten Mr. Stimson to it; that its failure to do so was a pusillanimous neglect of plain duty. Quite so—of course it was! Precisely because of the defection of the United States the League of Nations lacks in both strength and courage. Not that article X or XI necessarily requires the League to smash into such a situation, as would be much more obligatory under the "third principle" of the League to Enforce Peace. As a matter of fact, the League Council did promptly smash into the Greco-Bulgarian rumpus in 1925, vigorously collar the aggressor, and fine him handsomely in place of the indemnity which he purposed to collect. But as it did so its heart was in its mouth—nobody knew exactly what would happen if Greece should thumb its nose, as Italy had done two years earlier after that brutal bombardment of the Armenian refugees at Corfu. It is obviously fortunate that hitherto no occasion has summoned the implications of Articles X and XI as against any of the really great Powers. Anyway, in respect of its weakness and timidity we are in no position to criticize or sniff at the League of Nations, for we are wholly to blame for both.

All of which, said and true, accounts considerably for the fact that despite all the front-page talk about disarmament, mutual security, outlawing of aggressors and whatnot else of wars and rumors of war, with little of long-range accomplishment in that field, the subject of war in any aspect has played a relatively subordinate part in the activities of the League of Nations. This has impressed me constantly during my own frequent and considerable periods (once of more than a year continuously) of residence at Geneva for the sole purpose of observing the League in normal action. Most pilgrimages thither are in the summer, during the vacation lull, or when in September the Assembly presents its exhibit of oratory, interesting enough and sometimes highly dramatic, but affording little idea of the incessant plodding work that goes on the year around; unspectacular, technical, outside the interest and mostly beyond the comprehension of the average Geneva-visiting tourist.

Almost the first major enterprise of the League was the initiation of the world-encircling Health Organization, including now the setting-up of the string of alarm-stations in the Far East, to warn the world of outbreaks of epidemics; the exchange of health-officers, the campaign for study and prevention of malaria; the creation, with Russian coöperation, of a great war-front against typhus. It is fundamental in the purpose and method of the work to enlist technical experts for an incessant process of gathering information. When the Austrian premier in 1922 came hat-in-hand to Geneva for help in Austria's dire financial straits, he found that the economic section had ready, pigeonholed von Moltke-like, the data and the plans to meet his need. Jeremiah Smith's inestimable service in putting Hungary upon its feet financially was in all aspects a business of the League of Nations. The elaborate technical preparation for the so-called Dawes Plan was done by the economic section of the League; the same may be said of the far-reaching program of the World Economic Conference of 1927, and many others. Every phase of the League's activity has behind it continuous, arduous, and far-sighted technical research. What I have seen is not frantic effort to forestall war, so much as painstaking search for common denominators, ways to coöperate in the emergencies of peace, creating a technique and machinery for applying the brains and skill of the world to its common problems.

Registration of treaties, upward of two thousand of them now, including those of the United States—no treaty is recognized internationally unless registered with the League, a document as public as a dog-license in a town-clerk's office;—supervision of mandates, protection of racial and political minorities and of refugees in the prodigious transfers of populations due to the war-settlements; the White Slave traffic, the illicit trade in narcotics, welfare of children, slavery, uniform navigation rules and harbor buoys, passports, international university intercourse, copyrights, customs regulations, tariffs, codification of international law, and so on and so forth . . . this is only a random list of a few of the subjects of international concern which enlist the services of almost innumerable expert commissions, representing in their personnel, often gratuitously, the best the technical world affords, and of the great Secretariat, the working force of some five hundred men and women of forty nationalities and of almost every language. Its annual budget, exclusive of the World Court and the International Labor Bureau, approximates $3,000,000.

Upon the agenda for one meeting of the Council I counted at least fourteen subjects of important concern to American business and finance; yet at that meeting the United States had not even an "unofficial observer."

"Any time fifty-five men are going to consider matters that may affect my business," Alfred E. Smith said once to a friend of mine, "I like to sit in." And he was talking about the League of Nations.

I do not know how to estimate what our attitude toward this world-enterprise has cost us—in mere dollars.

COROLLARY to the existence of the League, as it is corollary to theirs, are the Permanent Court of International Justice and the International Labor Office. It will be long, I think, before American employers and labor organizations in anything like their present state of mind will awaken to the possibilities of that latter tripartite representation of governments, employers, and labor. But the World Court is a different matter. The demand of the American people for a share in that long-contemplated tribunal has become overwhelming. The reservations attached to our impending membership therein, which, thanks to Mr. Root's lubricatory endeavors, have now been acquiesced in by all the member states except Albania, Abyssinia, and Lithuania, are theoretically of a weakening character but will have no injurious effect in practice. This great Court is too tremendous in significance and too weighty in operation, to be hampered by small technicalities. Upon its own clear merits it is building itself into the life and intercourse of the nations indestructibly. And it is in my opinion the baldest absurdity to regard it as other than an organic arm of the League of Nations, from which it gains in great measure both its *raison d'être* and its vitality.

We are not responsible for the fact that the League of Nations, in any of its aspects, is not composed of celestial beings, inspired by superlatively benevolent motives. This is the significance of the whole business—that ordinary human folk, ordinarily motivated, have been compelled by a devastating experience in common to create better ways of getting along together. The irony of it is that while the older nations have been expressing thus successfully in remarkable degree the disposition to coöperate unselfishly, our own behavior toward their effort has worn that very aspect of narrow, chauvinistic nationalism of which it has been our habit to suspect and accuse them. They, not we, have advanced the standard and practice of fellowship.

They, not we, have made "Geneva" the symbol and synonym of friendly council. The more controversial the subject, the greater the difficulties rooted in old traditions and divergences, the greater the need of face-to-face conference. Every sane person knows that. Time and again I have seen such irritations as might have festered into war, talked away, even joked away, across that council-table. That is the method, the growing habit, that

(*Continued on page* 622)

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Books of Special Interest

Sports and a Champion

MULDOON: The Solid Man of Sport. By E. L. VAN EVERY. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY

THIS is an amazing book, replete with action, drama, and more than a smattering of facts that have been overlooked by Ripley. No lover of sports can afford to miss the work, for it is a veritable history of American sports since the Civil War.

William Muldoon was born in Belfast, New York, in 1845. Eighteen years later, he enlisted in the Union Army. Shortly after his discharge, while driving a truck in New York City, he made his humble début in the sporting world, fighting for a three dollar purse in a Houston Street saloon. After his first effort, he turned to wrestling, for the winner's purse in that sport amounted to ten dollars. It was at this time that Muldoon first met the Battling Baker Boy, John J. Schultz, today the head of the baking company which bears his name.

Boxing without gloves and wrestling were then brutal, punishing sports, though they might have seemed tame to the followers of other sports of the day. "Believe It or Not" might well be the heading of the following item from the Police Gazette of 1879 or 1880:

A shin-kicking contest was fought at Shenandoah, Pa., between David T. Davis, a coal miner, and Thomas Proudfit, an English miner. Both wore heavy brogans.

Or—

There was an exciting head-butting contest between two giant Negroes at Greenville, N. C.

In other respects, however, sports and their champions have not changed so much, for, a few years later, Muldoon, then wrestling champion of the world, announced that "such matches will not be for my title, as I am not in condition to defend same at the present, but I will do my best to down those who are put against me."

Within a few years after he won his wrestling title, Muldoon had attained nation-wide renown. Wrestling matches and exhibitions and theatrical appearances in his original "plastic poses" kept him constantly before the public. It was at this time, too, that he appeared in the rôle of the wrestler with Maurice Barrymore in "As You Like It." He was with Barrymore, in fact, when Ethel was born and often held the baby in his arms while Georgie Drew, her mother, was on the stage. Years later, Ethel, Lionel, and John were among Muldoon's guests at his health farm near White Plains, N. Y. to which at different times came also Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Chauncey Depew, and scores of other statesmen and business leaders. It was on Muldoon's lawn that Roosevelt beat William Howard Taft by a scant margin in a short sprint.

Muldoon discovered Sullivan. And it was Muldoon who rescued Sullivan from certain death and rebuilt him into the great athlete who beat Jake Kilrain. It was Muldoon, not James J. Corbett, as is popularly believed, who laid the basis for the modern methods of training and conditioning fighters. Muldoon discovered Joe Gans, too, and paid that great boxer fifty cents for his first fight.

He retired from the New York Police Department because his duties interfered with his wrestling. In 1894, he retired from active competition because it interfered with his efforts to condition other men. He has appeared on the stage several times within the last thirty years, but he returned to the arena only once, to appear at a benefit for his friend, John L. Sullivan.

Van Every, a veteran writer on sports, has done a good job in this biography. His material is well selected, and he has presented it with the same clarity and directness that characterize his writings on the sport pages of the *Evening World*.

The fifteen half-tone illustrations include some splendid, old photographs of sporting notables of the past generation and many interesting and amusing reproductions from the pages of the Police Gazette. Jack Dempsey is the signer of a spirited foreword.

"Muldoon—The Solid Man of Sport" is a good book to read and to keep to read. There is but one fault in it. The publishers have neglected to include an index, without which no such history of sport can be considered quite complete.

History That Is Romance

A SHORT HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. By ROCKWELL D. HUNT and NELLIE VAN DE GRIFT SANCHEZ. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1929. $4.50

Reviewed by JAMES D. PHELAN
U. S. Senator from California, 1915-1921

THERE is an extensive bibliography of California—the best known histories on the subject being those of Hubert H. Bancroft, Theodore H. Hittell, and Zoeth Skinner Eldredge, each consisting of several volumes—but this new book supplies a long-felt need, and admirably meets a popular demand. Its authors, Rockwell D. Hunt and Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, have already distinguished themselves in historical writing. Dr. Hunt is associated with the University of Southern California; Mrs. Sanchez, a sister of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, is connected, by marriage, with a pioneer Spanish-California family. In this volume they have absorbed the atmosphere of that romantic period when Spain and Mexico ruled California and left an indelible impress upon the life, manners, and nomenclature of the State. The sterner eras of the acquisition and development are also well set forth.

The book will appeal to the general reader, as well as to the young student. As a concise history of an interesting commonwealth, it should be given a place in every library and in every class room. The enchanting story of California, from the days of the Spanish conquistadors to the present, holds one's interest as closely as a most fascinating romance.

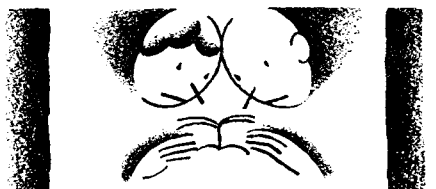
In chronological order the story is accurately told. It appears that when fabulous writings were popular and generally read, prior to the advent of Cervantes, Ordonez de Montalvo wrote, in about 1500, of the "Exploits of Esplanadian," and there mentioned, for the first time in literature, the word "California." It was a place possessing all earthly endowments, and it was, doubtless, the quest of it which fired the spirit of adventure in Cortes and his compeers, captains, and crews.

There seems to be no question about the origin of the name, but there is a doubt as to who first applied it to the territory bounded by the Sierras and the sea, which subsequently assumed so large a place in the national life, because of its yield of gold and oil, its agriculture, its horticulture, and its loyalty to the Union. Its ownership trembled, for a while, in the balance. The territory was first held by Spain, claiming title by reason of discovery in 1542, and, two hundred years later, by the establishment of the missions. The English, haltingly, referred back to the landing of Sir Francis Drake, outside of the Golden Gate (which he never entered) in 1579. The Russians established, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a fort and colony, north of San Francisco, with ulterior purposes of territorial acquisition, and the French were also suspected, by the Spanish, of sinister designs. But the far-seeing statesmen in charge of American interests, prior to the gold discovery in 1848, were acutely conscious of the need of continental expansion to the Pacific in order to realize the insistent demands of "manifest destiny." Then California came into the Union, in 1846, practically as a spoil of the Mexican war, and became the thirty-first State, at a time when the country was divided between fifteen free and fifteen slave States, giving unusual importance to the event and preponderance to the anti-slavery cause.

Its history is here presented entertainingly, without bias and without partisanship, in a broad, disinterested narrative which omits nothing that is of importance. There have been many attractive histories written of California, but none of them has essayed, in their single volumes, to give such a comprehensive history of the State, treated in chronological sequence, with citations and authorities. So this new book really occupies, in the bibliography of California, a place of its own, and, as it does not engage in controversy—and there are many controversial subjects growing out of the history and settlement of California—it can safely be accepted by all.

The volume contains maps, illustrations, appendices, and an index.

Arnold Zweig, the author of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," is working on a new war book to be called "Education before Verdun."



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Books of Special Interest

A New Philosophy

THE SCIENCES AND PHILOSOPHY. By J. S. HALDANE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $3.75.

PROCESS AND REALITY. By ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $4.50.

Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP
Yale University

ONE of the most interesting things in contemporary thought is the way in which apparently different problems in different fields of scientific endeavor reveal themselves to be the same. This is important because it suggests that a change in the first principles common to all the sciences is essential for further advance.

This is clearly indicated by two recent important books: "The Sciences and Philosophy" and "Process and Reality." The former by Professor J. S. Haldane is the fruit of the experience and reflection of a physiologist; the latter by Professor A. N. Whitehead, has grown out of the materials of mathematics, physics, logics and philosophy. Both books protest against the philosophical outlook of traditional modern science, and insist that an entirely new philosophy is necessary.

Moreover, the specific considerations in their respective fields which provoke these conclusions, are identical. Firstly, there is the fact of order or relatedness in nature. For Professor Haldane this order appears as biological organization; for Professor Whitehead, as spacetime structure, and the "prehensions" which relate anything to practically everything else. Secondly, there is activity or process. In biology this evidences itself in the regulation and maintenance of the normal organization; in physics, as the inseparably temporal character of space; and in immediate awareness as extensive "duration" which contains passage and "concrescence" as an essential character of its immediacy. Thirdly, there is the increasing coincidence of the relational character of all natural entities. This appears for Professor Haldane in the inadequacy of physico-chemical categories in biology; for Professor Whitehead in the rejection of physical substances for "events" or "actual occasions," and in the substitution of the many-termed type of proposition of the logic of relations for the two-termed type of proposition of the traditional logic of Aristotle.

This change in logic is very important in Professor Whitehead's philosophy. It entails that natural entities without internal relational properties are meaningless. This means that entities such as physical atoms, or spiritual souls, or absolute space with its relation of "simple location" between it and any entity which it contains, must be rejected. By extending this idea to include psychological factors he brings mind within nature and thereby founds objective psychology and a new realistic theory of mind.

It is at this point that his latest book goes beyond anything which he has done before. In "The Concept of Nature" he asked us to recognize that when we hear the crack of a revolver, we know not merely the audible sense datum which is given "by adjective," but also the whole space-time structure of nature which is given "by relatedness." In "Science and the Modern World" he asked us to believe also that the revolver report in question, even when it is the part of a larger event which is the murdering of an innocent child by a highwayman, gives not only an entire hierarchy of eternal objects, but also God. And now in "Process and Reality," we are asked to include in this event those phychological elements of "feeling" and "subjective immediacy" which contribute to its melodramatic character. In fact, failure to make this last inclusion is the fallacy, he tells us, which "haunts realistic philosophy."

Evidently, the modification in scientific and philosophical outlook which Professor Whitehead proposes is a most revolutionary one. If accepted, hardly a traditional category or conception can remain. Not only must the physical atoms of current science go, but also the souls of current religious thought, and the atomic sensa of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Russell, and the positivists. The factors of fact which involve the least falsification of actuality are such things as a spree on Saturday night at the Joneses, the clatter of visible sensa which we call "this typewriter in operation now," and the whole realm of "eternal objects" which these factors "prehend," as process emerges into this actual occasion, and this occasion, upon attaining "satisfaction," ceases and thereby joins the immortal group of eternal objects which become possible ingredients for a succeeding actual occasion.

For sheer originality of conception and expression there is nothing, at least in recent philosophy, to compare with this. In fact, it is so original that one wonders whether even Professor Whitehead has rejected everything which must go if it is accepted. For he refers occasionally to molecules, brains, nerves, and electrons and protons, and to societies of atomic entities which are quite obviously the physical objects of traditional and contemporary scientific thought. Now, it is to be emphasized that a philosophy of organic creativity which would insist "that the process of generation is to be described in terms of actual entities," where "actual" means having the character of observable immediacy, cannot refer to such unobservable things as electrons and protons and molecules for an elucidation of its doctrine. Furthermore, these physical atomic entities, as used by science, are by definition things which move, whereas Professor Whitehead tells us that "actual occasions" do not move. It becomes evident therefore that certain entities which Professor Whitehead still retains, must be rejected if his philosophy is accepted.

This difficulty is also present in the philosophy of Professor Haldane. He tells us that a scientific biology must begin with the living organism of immediate observation. He also says that modern physiology has revealed the living thing to be constituted as much by the materials of its environment as by those within its own epidermis. This last statement is undoubtedly true. But Professor Haldane would be entirely unaware of this fact, were it not for the atomic mechanistic philosophy which he repudiates. A philosophy which will not go beyond observed immediacy can reach no other conclusion than that the organism ends where its environment is observed to begin. Professor Whitehead's doctrine of "atomic occasions" has precisely the same consequence. It is only when one accepts the mechanistic atomic philosophy and begins to view the living thing from the physico-chemical point of view that we learn that the stability of our bodies depends as much on the invisible molecules of the invisible air of our environment as on the invisible molecules of their visible structure.

Furthermore, none of the evidence which Professors Haldane and Whitehead have emphasized is incompatible with the physical atomic philosophy which they attack. It only seems to be, because they commit the fallacy of maintaining that proof of the incompleteness of the traditional physical atomic theory is proof of the falsity of any such theory. In other words they overlook the possibility, which their own failure to reject physical atomic categories forces us to take seriously, that the present occasion calls for an amendment to, rather than a rejection of, the traditional philosophy of science.

Nevertheless, their work is important. For they have made us aware of the difficulties which we face, and have prepared our minds for the change which may be necessary.

This is especially true of Professor Whitehead. He has made us aware of the difficulties over motion and measurement to which the theory of relativity has given rise. In fact, he is the only contemporary scientist, with the possible exception of Professor Hermann Weyle, who clearly perceives the muddle and contradictions which permeate accepted scientific theories at the present moment. It is because his philosophy rests upon the reality of these difficulties and is the first systematic serious attempt at their solution that it is of first rate importance.

When one adds to this the creative insight which inspires everything that he does, and the skill with which he has brought the advances of modern logic, mathematics, and physics to bear upon an analysis of the esthetic, religious, epistomological, and intellectual life of man, the lasting importance of his latest achievement becomes evident.

Whether this is the philosophy to which scientific evidence and philosophical analysis is driving us, is, I believe, a debatable question, but that there is no philosophical system which faces existing scientific evidence and problems, and demonstrates its potential capacity in all realms of human activity, as does this one, is something which no well informed student of the issues of contemporary thought can doubt.

Points of View

Writing the Vision

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

There are two reasons why we have but few effective writers in our day. The first reason is, only a few writers see the signs of the times, and understand their significance. It is with us as it was with the Israelites when Samuel appeared on the scene: "And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision"; and as it was in the Psalmist's time: "We see not our signs: there is no more any prophet: neither is there among us any that knoweth how long." Writers nowadays only skim the surfaces of things. They write about the obvious, the apparent, the things that seem to be true on a hasty and superficial glance and analysis. Like children, they study the movements of skippers and gnats disporting themselves on the calm surface of the water, and are altogether ignorant of, or oblivious to, the great fishes and monsters of the deep. They fail to see that the petty details of life that they write about are but toads that bear in their heads jewels of spiritual value able to affect profoundly the lives and destinies of men and nations.

What does life, in its truest, deepest significance, depend upon? Not upon facts and tangible things that can be seen and handled; but upon intangible, imponderable, spiritual things: thoughts, ideas, ideals, intuitions, and nebulous, indefinable, inscrutable spiritual entities. Not a nail is put in a house but a thought has gone before to put it there. Our writers, for the most part, deal only in the raw material and crude ore of thought. This crude ore must be melted down and refined in the crucibles of experience, affliction, study, quiet meditation, and God, the Source of all, before it can be transmuted into the pure gold of the Idea that changes brutes into men, men into angels, and angels into sons of God.

The second reason why there are but few good writers to-day is that there is lack of simplicity and directness of style in present-day writings. Writers desire to exhibit their erudition, and, oblivious of their true office, that of dispensing the Idea, they write in the style of encyclopædias and books of reference and rhetoric. Let them heed a certain word spoken to Habakkuk: "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

CHARLES HOOPER.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Official Documents

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The American Library in Paris announces the recent publication of a bibliography, Part I, "Official Publications of European Governments," which lists the official publications of the ministries and other governmental agencies of Albania, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, and France. It is a book of 255 pages, octavo, and will be of great value to all libraries and other organizations interested in accurate information as to what government material is available, and where and how it may be obtained.

The development of this bibliography was a most difficult piece of work, due to the fact that, with a few exceptions, no attempt has been made by individual governments to list their respective publications, and such material as exists is scattered among numerous libraries. But it has been found possible to give, in almost every case, accurate information concerning the official gazette and a complete list of diplomatic documents issued by the Foreign Office.

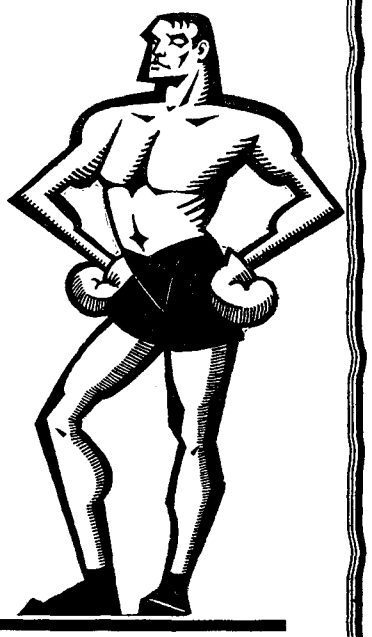
BURTON STEVENSON

ANOTHER KNOCKOUT

By W. R. BURNETT
Author of "Little Caesar"

IRON MAN

Coke Mason, hailed by the fans as "Iron Man" Mason, loved but two things—his pretty wife Rose and *fighting*. Fearless and unconquerable in the ring, lovable and weak with Rose, he battled gamely to retain his title and the love of his pleasure-mad wife. "Coke, the honest, honorable, incredibly ignorant, incredibly dumb and defenseless pugilist will walk straight into any heart that has room for primitive personalities."—*Dorothy Canfield.* "The tale does not merely move, it speeds; the book is impossible to lay down."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* "Coke Mason is one of the most appealing fictional figures of the year."—*Heywood Broun.* $2.50



IRON MAN, *is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for January.* LITTLE CAESAR *was the Literary Guild selection for June, 1929*

LINCOLN MACVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS
NEW YORK

IRON MAN

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A Letter from Carmel

By Carey McWilliams

CARMEL is not so much an art colony as it is a work of art. The secret of its charm can be summarized briefly: the land is lovely. Its effects are startling and unforgettable. In the first phase of its recorded fame it allured such pens as Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Henry Dana, and Bayard Taylor. The peninsula that Stevenson used as the background for "Treasure Island" has been exploited with splendid effect—to suggest a horrid contrast—by Mary Pickford, Eric Von Stroheim, and Dolores Del Rio, in the filming of motion pictures. The genius of this, "the loveliest of America's shore-lines," is that it transcends every effort to paint, record, or photograph its charms. The beauty of the place has drawn artists to it for years. But the land around Point Lobos has baffled such talented painters as Chris Jorgenson, Cornelius Botke, William Ritschel, and Arthur Hill Gilbert. The poets have been more successful. From George Sterling's "Autumn in Carmel," with the lines,

Far on the kelp the heron stands for awhile at rest.
The lichen-colored breaker follows a leaning breast.
Desolate, hard and tawny, the sands lie clean and wide,
Dry with the wafted sea-wind, wet with the fallen tide.

Early the autumn sunset tinges to mauve the foam;
Shyly the rabbit, feeding, crosses the road to home.
Daylight, lingering golden, touches the tallest three,
Ere the rain, like silver harp-strings, comes slanting in from the sea,

to Robinson Jeffers's

the evening opens
Enormous wings out of the west, the sad red splendid light beats upward
These granite gorges, the wind-battered cypress trees blacken above them,

the land has provoked much excellent verse. Through the years it has attracted innumerable writers, who, for the purposes of a brief survey, may be grouped into two classes: the original Carmelites and, as one young writer has so aptly phrased it, "the Neo-Carmelites."

The original settlement was the inspiration of Mary Austin, contrary to the legend which always named George Sterling. Mrs. Austin had gone to Monterey in the summer of 1902, to make the first draft of "Isidro." She had to stay in Monterey, since at that time there was no hotel or residence on the Carmel side of the peninsula. The old Mission of San Carlos de Barromeo, the adobe hut of a caretaker, and a tumbled-down hotel, composed what is now known as Carmel. Down near the water was a half-ruined adobe farmhouse and not far from it stood the Praying Post, which had been used by the Franciscans, making a *paseo* to and from the Mission as they said the prayers of their devotion. A vestige of Spanish California lingered about Monterey, but it was fast disappearing, to survive in the fine pages of "Isidro."

While visiting in San Francisco, Mrs. Austin gave an interview to one of the newspapers, in the course of which she spoke with enthusiasm of the Carmel side of the peninsula. As a result of this interview, Frank Powers, who owned most of the property, called on her and suggested that the place be developed as an art colony. Powers later saw George Sterling, who had just published "The Testimony of the Suns" (1903), and made a similar suggestion to him. Mrs. Austin returned to Owens Valley, in the meantime, and did not locate permanently at Carmel until 1905, and by that time Sterling had built his home. The years that followed saw much good work produced in Carmel. Mrs. Austin lived in Carmel until 1912. "Isidro" was written under the influence of its charm; "The Flock" was written there, as were "Lost Borders," "Santa Lucia," and "The Arrow Maker." Sterling, James Hopper, Nora May French, Harry Laffler, Jack London, Charles Warren Stoddard, Henry Milner Rideout, "Mike" Williams, John Fleming Wilson, Frederick R. Bechdolt, Jesse Lynch Williams, Harvey Wickham, Clinton Scollard, and Jessie Rittenhouse did much work in Carmel during the early years of its fame. The spirit of the place, in those days, is rather roughly outlined in Jack London's "The Valley of the Moon." But it should be noted that this first group lived in Carmel because they loved the land and because it afforded a life comparatively free from the annoyances of provincial existence. Their motives were understandable and their manners were without pretense. During this early period, a few months in Carmel was part of the life of every artist who lived on the Pacific Coast, and this is true, to a certain extent, to-day.

George Sterling was, as Ambrose Bierce remarked, "the High Panjandrum of the Carmel crowd." His home was open house, and the guest book that he kept, which reveals such names as H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Willard Huntington Wright, Witter Bynner, Sinclair Lewis, Jack London, John Cowper Powys, and Vernon Kellogg, is somewhat indicative of the character of the celebrities who passed through Carmel. Van Wyck Brooks was there one summer and read long excerpts from his manuscript, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," to Clarkson Crane as the two took long walks down the shore and up the Carmel River Valley. The appearance, from time to time, of singular poetic talents is part of the California tradition, as witness, George Sterling, Clark Ashton Smith, Robinson Jeffers, and Leroy MacLeod. Sterling noticed a remarkable sonnet, "Compensation," in a small weekly newspaper and became immediately enthusiastic about Robinson Jeffers, who had come to Carmel in 1914. But even prior to Sterling's praise Jeffers's work had won the admiration of James Hopper, and this, to my knowledge, is perhaps the first intelligent praise that Jeffers received. It was Hopper, *en passant*, who took the manuscript of "Tamar" the round of publishing houses in New York. From the time that Jeffers planted his trees around Tor House, in the year of the Versailles peace, he was confident that he could live in Carmel forever apart from "all the happy towns and farms, the lovely, blameless children, the terrible arrogant cities." However, the world was not to be so easily shoved aside. . . .

It was not long after the war that the "Neo-Carmelites" appeared. George Sterling and his group were content to drink wine, eat abalones, and work at their crafts, but the new arrivals organized theatres, printed a magazine, *The Carmelite*, and began to chant esoterically about "Carmel" in terms that were foreign to the self-contained ideal that had been established. But these late arrivals to the colony produced some good work. The Theater of the Golden Bough presented excellent productions and brought forward as a director Maurice Browne, who has since acquired an international reputation. Dramatically, much has come out of Carmel, from the time when the Forrest Theater produced Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker" with George Sterling in the cast, to the work of the successful new playwright, Martin Flavin, known for his "Children of the Moon," "The Criminal Code," and "Broken Dishes."

But the moment that rumors of Carmel's fame as an "art colony" became general, the place was doomed. Bric-à-brac shops were established, along with exquisite tea rooms; costly homes were erected on the Highlands; hospital-hotels were built for the benefit of rich alcoholics; *The Carmelite* began bringing out its deplorable Jeffers Memorial numbers; and one noticed schools of "creative education," and institutes devoted to the cultivation of Russian Folk Songs. People began to flock to Carmel. The migration was intense after the sad episode of Aimée McPherson and the "love cottage." The *nouveau riche* came in hordes and built blue stucco homes, mauve stucco homes, green stucco homes, etc., determined to live the Bohemian life and to devote at least one afternoon a week to "art." Lustrously enameled automobiles now whiz up and down the streets, while their occupants, in chic beret caps, gossip about "The Well of Loneliness" and other such dark and brooding works of art. . . .

With this change has come an influx of celebrities, attracted by rumors of rich ladies who bought pictures and autographed volumes. A new group of writers has taken possession of the place. For the most part, they are not young creative writers eager for achievement, as were the individuals who composed the early group, but they are writers of established reputations. Lincoln Steffens is now a leading citizen, writes blazing editorials for *The Carmelite*, and is rather naïvely regarded by the local citizenry as a radical thinker. Rhys Williams has spent much time in Carmel of recent years. Dr. Peter Bain arrived to lecture on psychoanalysis and to explain to egotists the charm of confession. A. R. Orage, former editor of *The New Age*, appeared on the scene and began to lecture to richly perfumed audiences of matrons bent on fathoming the mysteries of art and regaling themselves on Orage's epigrams about Pater and Flaubert. The cult of The Master was established, and so great did his reputation become in a fortnight that one witty resident invented a term: "oraging" became endemic in Carmel. Poor George Sterling would have been lost in the midst of such superb impudence. The atmosphere of Carmel became that of Paul Elder's San Francisco bookshop on "lecture afternoon." As a result of these changes, the old quality of Carmel seems irretrievably lost. It is interesting to learn the views of the woman who really established Carmel as an art colony on this latter-day development. Mrs. Austin comments:

> The thing that destroyed Carmel destroys every effort made in the United States by creative workers to establish for themselves a place in which their creative work can be carried on under the most favorable conditions. It is the desire of people who are totally unable to understand the creative life and yet cannot resist the appeasement to their own egos which they find in exploiting it. Such people came to Carmel ostensibly to drive the creative workers away by imposing their own tastes and manners.

But the land retains its perennial charm, despite the Packards, the lectures on Walter Pater, and the tea shops. The sharp contrast afforded by Carmel to the rest of the West is, perhaps, responsible for the effect it produces. One can be travelling along the hot and dusty highway from the old Mission at San Miguel, via King's City and Salinas, through a dry and forbidding landscape, and of a sudden the detour to Carmel is made and soon the mists sweep in—"remnants of fog plaited to and fro between the boughs" . . . the pines tower above and the cedars hug the tawny hillsides. The fresh sharpness of the place! The lethargy of California's notorious and damnable sunshine is forgotten, and the sea breaks with a roar on Point Lobos. If one drives south from San Francisco, through the Pajara Valley, and across the fields of sweet peas near Monterey, the change is no less startling. It is even possible that Carmel will thing. The land wins converts every year and grows in fame. It is even possible that Carmel will survive its present rash of pretense, for it still retains its old power of provoking good work from young writers. I point to Louis Adamic's brochure on Robinson Jeffers and to Christine Turner Curtis's "Amarilis," published by Doubleday, Page & Company in 1927, . . . "charmingly done by one who seems to have absorbed the essences of Monterey and Carmel," to quote Una Jeffers. This summer I met a young Canadian professor in Carmel who was working on a book about Dryden, and in a cabin back in the woods Goldie Weisberg was pounding away at the short stories and articles that have attracted attention in *The American Mercury* and *Plain Talk*. The one had come to Carmel from Vancouver and the other from Phoenix, Arizona. It is a typical instance.

The present fascination of Carmel owes much to the presence of Robinson Jeffers. To quote the iridescent Benjamin De Casseres: "It is as difficult to conceive of Robinson Jeffers in any other place than Carmel, California, as it would be to think of Shelley living at Whitechapel, Dostoievsky at Narragansett Pier, or William Blake in Pittsburg." I am sure that if Jeffers ever permanently abandoned Tor House that the woods would be destroyed by fire and that an unbearable sunlight would desiccate the ferns and flowers. This spring Jeffers left with his family for Europe, and, after touring Ireland in a Ford, has taken a place in a small village in Oxfordshire. Jeffers was careful to go to Europe by way of Canada, so that he might avoid New York. His Carmel "retreat" is now a thing of the past. Neighbors crowd in about Tor House, and a huge highway is crawling north along the coast and will some day pass within a stone's throw of his door. Los Angeles "realtors" are already at Cambria, a few miles down the coast, and are even now gazing on Carmel like the lady feasting her eyes on the Roan Stallion. It is regrettable. Carmel has become a splendid experience in the lives of many western artists and they will view its desecration with unspeakable horror.

Outside—Looking In

(*Continued from page 619*)

flowered momentously at that famous Briand-Stresemann luncheon at Thoiry; that brought about—Locarno.

The humanness of it. . . . Once I saw the Foreign Minister of Great Britain, finding all the hooks occupied in the cloak-room, stuff his coat and hat under a table, and even then, despite his well-known monocle, have to convince a Swiss policeman at the Council-room door that he was not an interloper.

It is easy to point to many shortcomings; to failures of the League and of individual members of it, to live up to its own standards. In the exercise of the mandates over helpless and backward peoples, in treatment of the political and racial minorities within their borders; in erection of stupidly trade-obstructing tariff walls, in ineffectual handling of the narcotic problem, even in greed for "patronage" in the Secretariat and in human relationships within that organization—in all the life of the League, in fact, these extremely various social groups have exhibited fairly normal human characteristics. Considering our own behavior in such matters as Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the Philippines; toward our Indian, Negro, and foreign-born minorities; our anything but philanthropic tariff policy, our tattered and futile patchwork of anti-narcotic legislation, the notorius corruption of our prohibition enforcement and our political life generally . . . it hardly lies with us to view such shortcomings with lofty scorn. How much better an example should we have set? It is just possible that we, too, might have found something benignly mitigating, healing, in the "atmosphere of Geneva." Something indescribable, ineffable, potent, not implied in Article X, nor dreamed of in the philosophy of the League to Enforce Peace.

Common sense operates in the long run. Shall we stand another ten years, "on the outside, looking in"? I doubt it. Bringing up the rear is not the American fashion. The League has laid its corner-stone, both literally and figuratively; but is only in its beginning. Its great days lie ahead. Let those alike who hope and who obstruct, measure the distance we have come since those days when the finest dream of the world—our own dream—was kicked about and spit upon in the dirty arena of our partisanship. There is no mistaking the change. Americans in increasing numbers from the beginning have ignored the official attitude, serving eagerly in manifold ways under the auspices of the League. More than one has literally given his life in that service. Without the magnificent financial contributions of Americans some of its most important achievements would have been impossible. Literally hundreds of our young people crowd the courses of lectures on international relations which have become a feature of Geneva life. The most perplexing problem in connection with the annual sessions of the Assembly is that of meeting the American demand for seats. In this country, from coast to coast, interest in international affairs has become epidemic.

The American people have awakened to the significance of "Geneva." Long ago the tide turned. Presently—perhaps a good deal sooner than anybody expects, fears, or hopes—it will sweep the Canutes away, or drown them where they stand.

The League of Nations this month celebrates the tenth anniversary of its existence. Mr. John Palmer Gavit, who furnishes the foregoing discussion of its operation and of America's attitude toward it, has spent the greater part of the past few years in Geneva in active attendance at its sessions. Mr. Gavit brings to his analysis of the organization the trained observation and skilful pen of the seasoned journalist. For many years affiliated with the Associated Press, first as Albany correspondent, next as chief of the Washington bureau, and then as superintendet of the central division at Chicago, he was later Washington correspondent and eventually managing editor of the New York Evening Post. *He is now a free-lance writer. He is the author, among several other books, of a volume entitled "Opium," which digests the findings of the League of Nations committee on the trade in that drug, and proceeds to a discussion of the problem.*

The folklore of Ireland, which heretofore has been almost wholly neglected and in large part lost, is in future to be systematically collected and preserved by a society operating under Government auspices.

The Irish Folklore Institute has been promised a state subsidy to do the work. Arrangements will be made by which competent students will visit the Irish-speaking districts of the West and South and take down from the lips of the peasants the material which has come down from generation to generation.

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 76. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "First Flight." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 13.)

Competition No. 77. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "character" sonnet in the manner of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 27.)

The prize for the most gorgeous passage of Shakespearean blank verse in which an important witness describes the public meeting of Solomon and Sheba in a lost play of that name, has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons.

THE PRIZE WINNING PASSAGE from SOLOMON AND SHEBA

ACT I. SCENE II—WALL OUTSIDE JERUSALEM.

(Enter Hadad the Edomite, in garb of merchant. Flourish; enter Rezon the son of Eliada, soldiers, attendants.)

REZ. Here's news for thee, good friend of Jeroboam.
HAD. Who art thou?
REZ. This Sabaean panoply
Hath blurred thy senses to the inner man
And hidden from thee my Damascan bearing.
HAD. Rezon?
REZ. None other: over all the guard
In Sheba's train.
HAD. Sheba?
REZ. With three score camels
Buckled beneath the weight of precious stones
And gold and spices.
HAD. Here? In Jerusalem?
REZ. Jerusalem, before the house of David.
Attend me: glean thy wits. The passion of
The king is loosed. He held Arabia's hand,
Full antick'd—moonstruck—while the slaves unbound
Casks from Cipango, bundles from Cathay,
African ivory, cinnamon and saffron,
Amethysts, rubies, peacocks—
HAD. Peacocks?
REZ. Peacocks—
Great bales of peacocks, argused in all colors;
Bundles of gibbering apes—
HAD. Hold! Hold! Wherefore?
REZ. Why, as a gift to Solomon.
HAD. Whose purse?
REZ. Yours, Pharaoh's, mine, and Jeroboam's.
'Tis treasure well disgorged. She fawned upon him,
Stroking his gray beard, and "How wise thou art."
"What splendor and magnificence," and spaniel'd
Yappings the like of which made queasy echo
Through cedar'd walls about. Like a charm'd bird
Fixed i' the serpent's gaze, old Solomon
Trembled, succumb'd, fell, and was gobbled up.
HAD. But the expense—
REZ. Expense? He'll head it round,
Doubled in usury. Hadad, when I left them
The four-post ivory was hers, the sea
Of brass enwrapp'd in cloth of gold. Old Israel
Trailed hot; behind, an army of cupbearers
And fleet on fleet of wine-casks. Ere the month
We'll canker the king's apple to the core,
Fetch gilded nags from kingdoms hereabout
And file them in his hundred-parted bed.
And then—
HAD. Hail Jeroboam!
REZ. Thou hast said it.
Despatch thy man to Egypt, for the time
Is ripe. Who plucks, plucks well before the rime.

(Exeunt) —HOMER M. PARSONS.

The quality of the entries this week was exceptionally high, so high that I cannot find space to comment on the work of many competitors who surpassed the standards usually required to gain mention on this page. For once it can be truthfully said that there wasn't a single really bad entry. This is the more remarkable because the requirements were more difficult than usual and the number of entries very considerable.

The prototype of the required passage was, of course, Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra in her barge. But gorgeousness of description was not the be-all and end-all of the problem. The speaker was to be an "important witness," and that implies a critical witness though not necessarily an unkindly critical one. What I specially wanted, and, in fact, asked for between the lines, was some kind of distant suggestion of a conflict in the play, if not also some side lights on the characters and relations of Solomon and Sheba. In these respects Homer Parsons (whose passage has the extra virtues of humor, characterization, and rapid movement) takes the prize by a narrow margin from Arjeh, George Peele Greene, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Clinton Scollard. The last was brave enough to tackle these problems by means of a soliloquy in the mouth of a Jewish priest, but I could not quite feel that the form and the occasion were suited to gorgeous description.

On the score of gorgeousness alone it would have been hard to choose between Claudius Jones, Carolyne Aiken, John Hervey, Anita Knight, two passages by A. M. Sampley, and a second offering from Clinton Scollard, but all these had to yield to the subtler passages previously mentioned. Better than these—in fact unusually distinguished—were the entries by Octopus and W. H. Seymour. The first spent most of his lines sketching the throng of witnesses in the manner of Coriolanus; his description could not (excepting for a few lines) be called gorgeous, but in some respects it was the most convincingly Shakespearean passage of the week. Mr. Seymour, on the other hand, achieved a gorgeousness that outshone everyone else, basing his scene on certain accounts from the Koran and the Book Chamis. I hope to print both these entries in some later issue. George Paul Greene deserves special commendation for the turn he gave to the close of a fine piece of work.

Others among the many whose entries merited quotation (for which there is no space) were David Heathestone, Dorothy Jay, Charles Foth, E. A. Jackson, Phoebe Scribble, and Dinah Stevens. Lack of space also compels me to suppress the prizewinner's excellent footnotes.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

THE DAY OF THE BROWN HORDE. By RICHARD TOOKER. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

It was the law of the troglodytes living in the valley of the prehistoric world that is now part of the Gulf of Lower California that the weak children should die. The test was whether they could eat meat and walk at six months. Kaa, the unnamed, could not pass the test, but while his father was fighting with the Old Man of the tribe, his mother stole away with him to a fastness on the rim of a crater. Here Kaa grew into a strong, fleet, and precocious youngster, learned to sketch, to swim, to make and throw a spear, all evidences of his superiority over the rest of the barrow people who can do none of these things. Kaa in fact is one of those superior beings who, having digested the full knowledge of their race and epoch, use it as a base to travel forward; a kind of genius. In his story the author has given us his version of the history of the race.

Mr. Tooker has interestingly recreated the prehistoric era. His descriptions of life in a jungle inhabited by megatheres and sabre-toothed tigers and rivers swarming with sharks and plesiosaurs, is vivid and entertaining, and his explanation of the evolution of the god-idea, ingenious. There is, however, a tepid flavor of propaganda in the plot, and he has a tendency in his purple passages to begin sentences in the best movie manner with a verb: "Came the dawn"—which shows how little universal ridicule has done to improve construction.

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY. By PEREGRINE ACLAND. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

Stephen Graham's judgments are generally impeccable. In "A private in the Guards," a war chronicle of distinguished honesty, Mr. Graham praises the unparallelled bravery of the Canadians he saw in action in France. Major Acland, a Field Officer of the Canadian Infantry during the war, has very good reason to amend this pretty picture of fleckless courage. In explaining his own bravery to an inquisitive friend, the protagonist of this novel says: "I was decorated because I was afraid to run away. I was promoted because I lacked the courage to get killed."

Bravery, whatever its metaphysic, is still bravery! And Alexander Falcon, the central character of "All Else Is Folly" is a hero in spite of his daily fits of self-abasement. A Canadian by birth, Falcon was enjoying a season of cowpunching in Whoopee (sic!), Southern Alberta when the war broke out. He returned home to enlist, kiss his best girl, and leave for France.

The remaining chapters of "All Else Is Folly" are devoted largely to Falcon's experiences at the front and the incidental music of leave-taking debaucheries. Here the Major's visual-mindedness is at its best. We are then hurled back into the cloacal arena of bodies rancid with sweat and fear. Mostly fear. In clear, crisp, hard-hitting prose the author rehabilitates a thunderous scene, memorably bloody.

Especially vivid is the author's description of Falcon, his skull crushed, stuffed with morphine and the maze of discordant images that the "dope" provoked, dragging his heft of broken body across no-man's-land. He lived to tell the tale. But something had gone out of him. Falcon queries with cosmic elegance: "Does man fight only because he hasn't yet learned to love?"

A VARIETY OF PEOPLE. By DON MARQUIS. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

The fourteen stories by Don Marquis published as "A Variety of People" are indeed about all sorts and conditions of men, from Queen Elizabeth to the Old Soak, as well as laid in all sorts of places, from the Isles of Greece to a New York night club. Yet Mr. Marquis employs only two manners in dealing with all of them: the facetious, which he has exploited ever since his days as a columnist, and the less familiar amorous strain which once caused him to write a modern Tristan and Isolde play called "Out of the Sea." The qualities of both are no doubt due to his Hibernian origin, in which strong humor is often diluted with a great deal of sentiment. For it is obvious that the lighter pieces are the most successful in this collection.

Besides a welcome revival of that "mam-

(*Continued on next page*)

I tried IN VAIN *to borrow*

THE ART OF THINKING

"I know of no book of recent vintage that contains so much good and reads so easily. It seems to be a tradition that books written to extend the horizon of thought must be heavy, brown and ugly as sin. ABBÉ DIMNET certainly leads one to the altar of learning with a very gentle hand and kindly smile."
—MANUEL KOMROFF

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

mal of iniquity," the Old Soak, there is a fairly funny tale of "Two Red-Haired Women," who are none other than Elizabeth of England and her cousin Mary, a good bit about a glass-eater, and a really first-rate drunkard's adventure entitled "Entirely Logical." Of the more lachrymose type, "Exit the King" and "The Strong Grasses" are most deeply founded on life and consequently most believable. Such things as "The Magic Melody" are evidently sincere efforts to do something for which the author's talent is unfitted. In an undergraduate such an attempt might be commendable, but why should a man of Mr. Marquis's experience want to write like Walter Pater, anyway? His natural, somewhat alcoholic jocosity is far more enjoyable and more genuine.

THE SACRED HILL. By MAURICE BARRÈS. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

A Marshal of France and M. Poincaré stood recently on the hill of Sion-Vaudémont in Lorraine to unveil with suitable ceremony a monument to Maurice Barrès, who had done so much during the latter part of his life for France in general and his native Lorraine in particular. The activities of Barrès as politician and patriot, though almost universally applauded in France, have interfered somewhat with a clear view of his abilities as a writer. The fact that he was early in his career a radical and indeed almost a red, later converted to the cause of nationalism, ought not to obscure the fact that his books, following his political evolution, became increasingly instruments of propaganda, studying and urging the repatriation of those whom he liked to call *les Déracinés*. The earlier *Culte du Moi* along with so many other symbolic mechanisms and formulas of the past century he had forgotten, while he concentrated during the years preceding his death in 1923 on the building up of a strong, provincially-centered national life, rather than on the development of individual resources.

"La Colline Inspirée," which many of the French critics consider his best novel, appeared in 1913 and is consequently less tinged with patriotic purpose than the war books. But the local patriotism of a born Lorrainer permeates his account of the struggle to found a new church on the sacred hill of Sion-Vaudémont. The brothers Baillard represent, in a sense, the individual inspiration on which Barrès had previously relied, being crushed by the force of organized authority, which in this book takes the shape of the church of Rome. The tragedy of the Baillards is thus his own, since he had given up in the national cause the same liberty of thought and action which inspired the semi-historical founders of this cult.

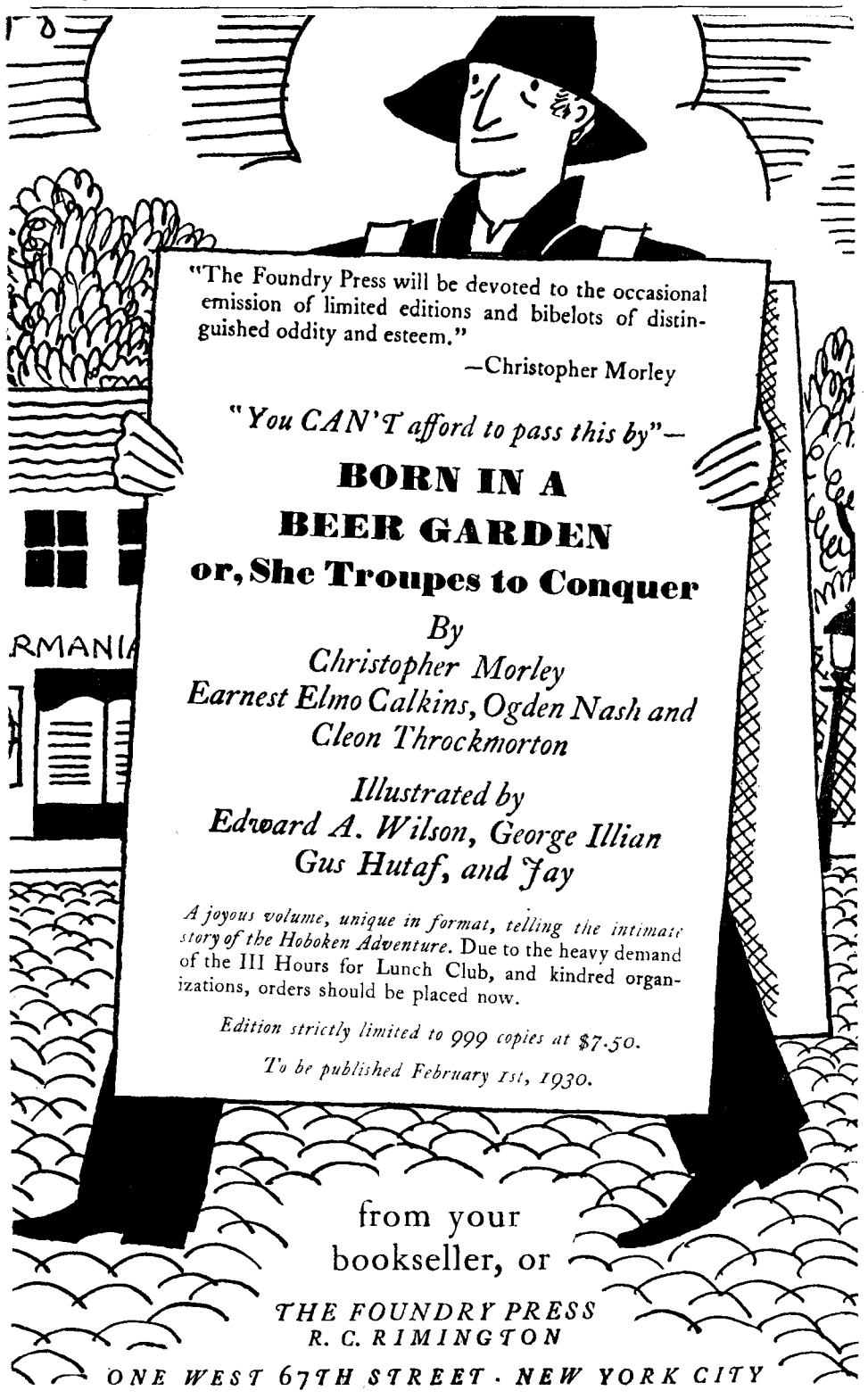
Other aspects of the question, especially that of religious fanaticism, are fully exploited in what now seems to us a rather old-fashioned and at times high-flown aphoristic style. Barrès was never wholly at ease as a novelist, but he replaces the more conventional qualities of a narrator with an uncommon intelligence and an extraordinary passion for the ideas which his subject evokes. As a sheer exercise in mental discipline his book should have value for Anglo-Saxon readers.

It is a difficult task to render Barrès' extremely mannered prose (not always at its best in this novel) into English. It should be remembered, too, that "The Sacred Hill" is nearly twenty years old, and begins to date. The book does not sound quite right in English, and important as its author is from the French point of view, it is unlikely to have much effect in America; the fault is not really that of the translator, Mr. Malcolm Cowley.

Pamphlets

READING WITH A PURPOSE: Geography and Our Need of It, by *J. Russell Smith.* Economics, by *Walton H. Hamilton;* Biology, by *Vernon Kellogg;* Psychology and Its Use, by *Everett Dean Martin;* Ears to Hear, by *Daniel Gregory Mason;* The Modern Essay, by *Samuel McChord Crothers;* English Literature, by *W. U. C. Carleton;* Salesmanship, by *John Alford Stevenson;* Advertising, by *Earnest Elmo Calkins.* American Library Association.

(*Continued on page 626*)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A FRIEND of my youth—alas, a noble lad in those days, but now far gone in crime—once told me that he could stand any amount of humor based on sex, but that what he couldn't stand were latrine jokes. But such humor as derived from ordinarily unmentioned matters seems to have a market value just now—which would have delighted Mark Twain. The most amazing case of the popularity of such humor is afforded by "The Specialist," a best seller, and known to all. Its peculiar vogue, especially with women, is a matter of common knowledge, but anyone interested in current manners may derive entertainment from a recent article in the *Atlantic Bookshelf* on the book and its sale.

Now comes to hand another volume, a fitting one to stand beside "The Specialist" on the shelf, entitled "A Letter by Dr. Franklin to the Royal Academy of Brussels," published at "The Sign of the Blue-Behinded Ape," in the city of New York. Who is behind the Ape Press I do not know, but the book is well printed (which "The Specialist" notoriously was not). One thousand copies have been printed, and will doubtless be soon sold. It is funny—in its way: it is well written, and if you like that sort of thing it is the sort of thing you like.

R.

CANDIDE REAPPEARS

WHEN Rockwell Kent's illustrated edition of "Candide" appeared it was hailed, and rightly, as a glorious addition to the few worth while illustrated books. The edition was limited, and the price was high. Now there has appeared a trade edition which is available at a moderate price.

The book has been issued primarily for the Literary Guild of America, in the usual quantity, and it is available also from Random House. The difference between the two issues of this second edition is only in the covers, which are of different design. The text of the book has been set in a different type from the limited edition, a good type but not so fitting a one, and all of the line drawings have been retained.

What I had to say of the remarkable designs which Mr. Kent made I said on the occasion of the previous issue. Now these same pictures are available for anyone. Some question has been raised as to the ethics of such republication of a limited edition, but it seems to me that the value of the first issue cannot be depreciated by a reprinting in a cheaper, unlimited format. The first printing is still by all odds the better, and will be the one which collectors must have: while the present printing will give wider circulation to illustrations which deserve all the publicity they can get.

R.

THE FLEURON COMING

IT has apparently been bruited around that *The Fleuron* is no more. This, I am assured on the authority of Mr. Stanley Morison, is not so—the seventh number, which will close the earthly career of the magazine, is in hand, and will shortly go to press.

When *The Fleuron* was projected, it was planned to appear for seven numbers and no more. This was a wise provision, but as there is no particular publishing date, work on it goes slowly. It will be goods news to those who lament the rarity of scholarly magazines devoted to printing, that the final number of *The Fleuron* will appear in 1930. A not inauspicious coincidence is that the winding up of the English annual will take place about as the *Colophon* appears in America.

R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION—Anderson Galleries. January 7: A Portion of the Library of Albert B. Ashforth, Jr. The more important items include: Forty-one pages of the autograph manuscript of William Harrison Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," together with two letters to Charles Ollier; Edmund Bolton, "The Elements of Armories," London, 1610; Sir Thomas Browne, "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," London, 1646; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Poems," London, 1844, presentation copy to B. R. Haydon; a proof copy of Robert Browning's "Paracelsus," with corrections in the author's handwriting, and his mother's name of the half-title; a presentation copy of "On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History," London, 1842, the second edition, from Carlyle to Mrs. Thomas Arnold; Lord Chesterfield, "Letters," London, 1774; S. T. Coleridge, "Christabel: Kubla Khan," London, 1816; "Sibylline Leaves," London, 1817, and "Poetical Works," London, 1828, the first collected edition, one of twelve copies printed on large paper; John Gay, "Fables," London, 1793; Goldsmith, "The Citizen of the World," London: Printed for the Author, 1762, "The Life of Richard Nash," London, 1762, and "An History of the Earth and Animated Nature," London, 1774; Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Scarlet Letter," Boston, 1850; a collected set in nineteen volumes elegantly bound by Sangorski and Sutcliffe of the translated works of Vincente Blasco Ibañez; John Locke, "An Essay concerning Humane Understanding," London, 1690; the first pianoforte edition of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman"; John L. Mitley, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," New York, 1856; the Nuremburg Chronicle, Nuremburg, 1493; a presentation copy of the second edition of Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," London, 1767; thirteen Sir Walter Scott items, including "The Lord of the Isles," Edinburgh, 1815, "The Vision of Don Roderick," Edinburgh, 1811, and "Peveril of the Peak," Edinburgh, 1822; G. B. Shaw, "Fabian Essays in Socialism," London, 1889; an unusually tall copy of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," London, 1768; Sir John Suckling, "Fragmenta Aurea," London, 1646; Dean Swift, "A Tale of a Tub," London, 1704; and Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads, with Other Poems," London, 1800.

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American Art Association — Anderson Galleries. January 9: The Kipling Collection formed by Solton Engel, of New York City. Among the unusual items in this library are: the hitherto unknown first edition of "Mine Own People," published by Hurst & Company, New York, 1890, under the title of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," and containing only five stories; the hitherto undescribed first issue of "Collected Verse," New York, 1907, Doubleday, Page, with the imprint on page 367, and the Index tipped in, instead of forming an integral part of the book; the first edition of "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 2," which contains "The Last of the Light Brigade," the first poem to appear in this country under Kipling's name; and "The Ballad of East and West," contained in the Ivers "Standard Recitations, No. 26," New York, 1889, under the pseudonym of "Yussuf," the first American publication of any of Kipling's work.

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The American Art Association—Anderson Galleries announce the following tentative schedule of sales for the remainder of January:

Dr. Joshua I. Cohen—American Autograph Material—January 15.

Furniture and Art Objects—(Afternoons) January 15-18 inclusive.

Salomons, Part I—Chiefly English Sporting Books with illustrations—January 16-17.

Ton Ying—Chinese Porcelains—January 24-25.

G. M. T.

DREISERANA: A Book about His Books. By VREST ORTON. New York: The Chorcorua Bibliographies. 1929. $2.75.

THERE has always been among the persons who have never read any of Theodore Dreiser's novels an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps they might be missing something by such omission. And yet, as they see each new novel of his reviewed, they cannot bring themselves to plunge into what, to all appearances, is a mass of turgid sentences, largely without grammatical structure, which deal for the most part with characters and phases of life that are, at

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best, drab and dull. Even the qualities for which he is most highly praised, his sincerity and earnestness, although quite as admirable in literature as in life, seem scarcely enough in themselves to make a good novelist of him if, as it appears, it is consistently impossible for him to express himself and his emotions through the medium of well-written English. No matter how terrible his earnestness may be, a cornet-player who invariably flats his high notes is not a success—nor, in spite of her sincerity, is a negro cook who has spiritualistic messages while washing the pots and pans, necessarily one of the world's supreme narrators when she repeats them to her employer. It is possible, therefore, to suspect faintly that Mr. Dreiser has been placed by his admirers on a pedestal not wholly in keeping with his actual importance.

Mr. Vrest Orton in his "Dreiserana," a considerably enlarged, revised version of his pamphlet, "Some Notes to Add to a Bibliography of Theodore Dreiser," has assumed wisely that only the collectors of Dreiser material are to be considered—he makes no attempt to convert unbelievers to his enthusiasm. With an immense amount of effort and labor, he has investigated thoroughly the publishing history of all Mr. Dreiser's works, and after studying his evidence carefully, has arrived at new conclusions which serve to settle as definitely as possible many of the "points" that have been in doubt. While this book does not pretend to supersede the formal bibliography Professor McDonald published in 1928, it adds so much to the entire subject that it must be consulted if collectors are ever to know exactly what to look for: the two obviously should be combined, for everyone's sake, and Mr. Orton by his present contribution has proved his ability to undertake such a definite study. Certainly, "Dreiserana" is able, well-planned, and intelligently written—the author might possibly be urged to abandon his devotion to the three consecutive dots system of punctuation, but such criticism in no way detracts from the genuine value of the book, nor from the usefulness it unquestionably possesses.

G. M. T.

We quote from the *Manchester Guardian* the following alphabet from the pen of "Lucio":

A "PRACTICAL" A B C

["Even old alphabet books have been superseded as being too fanciful and romantic. In future A, instead of standing for acorn or applepie, will stand for adding machines and axles, and other letters will have similarly practical significance."—New sidelight on the educational advantages enjoyed by the American child.]

Come here, little fathead, and sit down by me,
And let us run over your new A B C,
Whereby we impress on the immature mind
Some facts of a modern, more practical kind.

A is for Axle and Adding Machine,
B is for Bankrupt who hasn't a Bean;
C is for Carbon, Crank, Car, Carburettor,
D's for Debenture or Dollar or Debtor;
E's for Exchequer and office Equipment,
F is for Freight on a Foreigner's shipment;
G is for Gasoline, Gadget, and Gear,
H is the Hooter or Horn that we Hear;
I is for Inquest (as everyone knows);
J is the Joy-ride from which it arose;
K is for Kinema, Keyboard, and Keel;
L is for Limousine, wealth at the wheel;
M is for Money (and never you doubt it!);
N is the Nothing you count for without it;
O's Overdrawn, an embarrassing state,
P is the Payment that Puts the thing straight;
Q is for Quota and Quorum and Quid—
R is for Rum sort of terms for a kid;
S is the Screen that is Silent and mute;
T is the Talkies now hot in pursuit;
U is for Usury, not a nice word,
Value received would perhaps be preferred;
W stands for this World and its Ways;
X, I imagine, is merely X-rays;
Y is for Yen, which the Japanese chink,
And Z is for Zeppelin, Zion, and Zinc.

The ground is thus covered from A unto Z,
So get all these facts in your silly young head;
And when you have finished you should be a more
Inquisitive nuisance than ever before.

The "Obsequies to the Memorie of Mr. Edward King," a book of verses by various authors in Latin, Greek, and English (containing Milton's elegy "Lycidas"), written in memory of a friend who was drowned in the Irish Sea, and published in 1638 at Cambridge, has been sold for £1,400.

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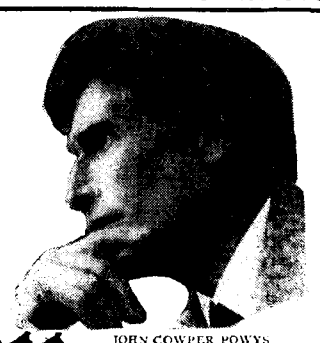

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One of the most gracious moments of this Year of Grace came when *Wolf Solent* strode its first great stride to renown, and the author wrote this inscription on the camera portrait of himself by SHERRIL SCHELL:

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THE *Theatre Arts Monthly* was founded by *Sheldon Cheney* in 1916 and has run continuously ever since, as a quarterly for seven years, as a monthly for six. With its January 1930 issue it becomes the complete international theatre magazine that it has always intended to be. Within a few weeks it will have established beside its English office and the London Editor, *Ashley Dukes*, a series of foreign correspondents in all important centres. The January issue is "new and enlarged." *Roy Mitchell's* article "Dynamic Scene: The Theatre of the Wheel" is particularly interesting and its illustrations contain suggestions of great beauty. . . .

Most attractively have Covici-Friede manufactured *Allan Ross Macdougall's* "The Gourmet's Almanac" of strange and exotic dishes, to which is appended a small anthology of prose and verse relating to eating and drinking. The author has got various artist friends of his to illustrate the book. Put it up alongside *Herbert Asbury's* revival of *Jerry Thomas's* bartenders' guide and then all you will have to do will be to search out certain ingredients for both food and drink. However, all are not unobtainable. And do you like to mix drinks or cook? . . . .

Farrar and Rinehart have got out a small brochure on *Katharine Brush*, written by *Grant Overton*. Very pleasing. Only the frontispiece picture doesn't do the lady justice. . . .

We see by the Doubleday, Doran Spring catalogue that the late *Dennis Cleugh's* novel, "Wanderer's End," is to appear the end of February. At the time of Cleugh's death it was completed but for the two final chapters, which have been written by his widow, *Sophia Cleugh*, the novelist. *Christopher Morley* supplies a foreword to the book inasmuch as Mr. Cleugh was an actor in the original Hoboken stock company at the time of his tragic death. And an excellent actor he was! We ourselves saw him in a number of plays when the old Rialto was staging a different show every week. Cleugh was an intensely talented and withal a brave and a modest gentleman. He had played Shakespeare in a travelling caravan through England and in his odyssey of Don Paradise he writes of the life he knew and such people as he knew. . . .

Two other books slated for January and February by the same firm, that interest us particularly, are the story of *David Betts*, the taxi philosopher, entitled "I'm Lucky at That," and the true story of the greatest gambler, namely *Richard Canfield*, across whose tables millions of dollars passed nightly in the old nights. . . .

The Miscellany, published at 26 West 9th Street, New York, has for avowed purpose the welcoming of the unknown writer together with the known, the young with the mature, the experimental with the conservative. The typography of this periodical is by *Robert S. Josephy*, its editors are *Frederick W. Dupee, Geoffrey T. Hellman, George L. Kingsland Morris*, and *Dwight Macdonald*. It will put forth six issues a year at two dollars. Whether or not it will pay for contributions is not said. . . .

Geoffrey T. Hellman, a writer for the *New Yorker* and a book-reviewer does the first article in the first issue, on "Literary Criticism in America." He has a fling at most modern reviewers and their opinions on such successes as "They Stooped to Folly," "Wolf Solent," and "The Wave." He thinks most modern reviewers over-indulgent and altogether pretty sappy. Mr. Dupee, who graduated from Yale in 1927 and taught at Bowdoin for two years, ends the issue with a review of *Hemingway's* "A Farewell to Arms" that attempts to rip the very liver and lights out of it. Well, there must be something decidedly wrong with us, because when we had listened to all of Mr. Dupee's argument we remained even more forcibly "of the same opinion still," namely that "A Farewell to Arms" is a superb performance. . . .

That Hemingway is sentimental we willingly allow. We agree that reticence is often just as sentimental as gush. And what of it? To feel strongly at all about anything in life lays one open to the charge of being sentimental. As for Catherine, in the story, being a portrait "flat and empty of significance" we just can't understand how anyone could find her so. Nor can we understand how anyone could read the book without being deeply impressed. It is not a perfect book. The writing is not impeccable. The characters are not all equally well presented. But it is a book far above the average, a novel stamped with a most definite and impressive style. To do Mr. Dupee justice he supports his criticisms by citing chapter and verse, instances he considers damning. Perhaps if we had not read the book as a whole they would appear to us more damning than they do. Lifted out of their context and out of the progress of the story they convey very little idea of its power. That is often true of citations. Even so, these scraps of Hemingway would rouse our interest had we never heard of him before. . . .

The trouble about literary criticism in America and anywhere else is really that when a number of people feel the same way about a book, in an honest searching of their hearts and minds, they are in danger of also feeling that they must be wrong because the others also like it. It is an excellent thing to have people differing in opinions concerning literature; but when there is "a chorus of praise" as the blurbs have it, that is not always a sign of conspiracy or of half-wittedness. The opinion of most reviewers is probably not much subtler than the opinions of the average readers. Most reviewers are not critics at all, in the completest sense of the word. Sometimes they follow each other like sheep. Metropolitan reviewing engenders fads and fashions of the day. But sometimes a number of reviewers concur concerning books that have, for one reason and another, certain qualities of permanence. Our belief is that this happens more often than agreement upon works that afterward, in the process of time, turn out to be trash. No one is infallible, certainly, and an honest opinion is all one should desire. And when two people, both supposedly intelligent, differ as radically as ourself and Mr. Dupee concerning a single volume there is really nothing to be done about it. How we can feel the way we do must seem as impossible to him as the way he feels seems to us. So the subject of literary criticism will always be under discussion. When it is not, there will be neither criticism nor literature. . . .

Norah C. James, the author of "Sleeveless Errand" and now the author of a new Morrow novel, "To the Valiant," is spoken of by *Margaret Goldsmith* who wrote the biography of "Frederick the Great" for Boni, in a recent letter—not written to us. Miss Goldsmith is an American writer while Miss James is English. Miss Goldsmith says in part:

> In many ways she is a most surprising young woman. One is surprised chiefly by her versatility. She is an expert mechanic and a very good poet; she is an expert advertising manager in a publishing firm and, on the other hand, a clever draughtsman who was trained at the Slade School of Arts. Her friends enjoy her gay and witty tongue, yet she has days of *Weltschmerz* as it is only bred and born in Ireland.

The January choice of the Book League of America has been *Gamaliel Bradford's* "Daughters of Eve," published by Houghton Mifflin. *Mencken* has called Bradford's biographies "grounded upon science and illuminated with art. The limits of its accuracy are simply the limits of human knowledge." . . . .

We thank *Sally Kamin* of Martin's Book Shop, 58 East 58th Street, for saying of the recent prize we offered:

> And even more tempting than the negotiable $50 cheque (*Yes, we hope it will be all of that!*) which you offer for a paragraph of wit, you should add the cancelled check. Fifty dollars is fifty dollars, but the signature . . . well, who can tell?

Well, Christmas is over, and the "present" question was finally settled somehow. And nobody gave us a book, thank Heaven! . . .

Kathleen Norris and *Charles Gilman Norris* are in town for the holidays, and now we have to trot around to a tea they are giving, to meet some young ladies. . . .

Chickahominy, chickahominy, as the Piutes say in farewell!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 624*)

Poetry

DRIVEN. By LEROY MACLEOD. Covici-Friede. 1929. $2.

Mr. MacLeod's verse would have been better served by his publishers if they had refrained from using such an extremely gold and purple cover, for his poetry is of the earth earth-colored. Mr. MacLeod will suffer still more because of the jacket, the front of which compares him with Hardy while the back-leaf casually places him alongside Frost, Jeffers, and Robinson. This is manifestly an ill-advised and rather premature enthusiasm since Mr. MacLeod, apart from his use of the English language, resembles none of these. The fact that his themes are generally sombre and that some of his poems are about farms makes him no more akin to Hardy and Frost than his employment of the sonnet form makes him write like Shakespeare or Edna St. Vincent Millay.

So much for the handicaps for which the poet is least responsible. His imagination which at first seems to be his greatest asset turns out to be a further disadvantage. It intrudes where it is irrelevant and becomes actually irritating; time and again Mr. MacLeod seizes a firm realistic theme only to smudge it with a softening fancy. Thus in the title-poem the first stanza runs:

Along the yellow road the brown hogs go
Between the thin woods stained with
summer's death . . .
Waving the little banners of their breath
Above their round backs' undulating glow.

The rest of the poem is, of course, ruined; no realism, no matter how vivid, could triumph over so pathetic a conceit, so poetic a fallacy as the brown hogs "waving the little banners of their breath." The same uncontrolled imagery spoils many of the shorter poems although several escape. "Winter Burial," "Answers for my Son," "As March Would Say" and five or six sonnets (especially the one beginning "A brook's own humor tumbles from your throat") have an effective blend of wisdom and whimsicality.

But the major exhibit of the book is the long poem "Drouth." It is an intense story, told with intensity. It is accurate, accomplished, over-written, sometimes frenzied, always fresh. As a poet Mr. MacLeod can stand or fall by these ninety pages. And, whatever his excesses, he does not fall.

Religion

WHITHER CHRISTIANITY. Edited by *Lynn Harold Hough*. Harpers. $3.

SUMMER SERMONS. By *Elliott C. B. Darlington*. Revell. $1.

THROUGH THE CHURCH SCHOOL DOOR. By *Nell I. Minor* and *Emily F. Bryant*. Abingdon. $2.

READINGS FROM THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By *Norman J. Whitney*. Ronald Press.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. Translated by *Theodore Howard Banks, Jr.* Crofts. $1.

JESUS AND OTHER PRESSING PROBLEMS. By *Rollin H. Walker*. Abingdon. $1.50.

WHY PREACH CHRIST? By *G. A. Johnston Ross*. Harvard. $1.50.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By *T. R. Glover*. Yale. $1.50.

SEPER HA 'IKKARIM. By *Joseph Albo*. Jewish Publication Society. 2 vols.

WORSHIP IN MUSIC. Abingdon. $1.50.

Science

MEDICAL LEADERS FROM HIPPOCRATES TO OSLER. By SAMUEL W. LAMBERT, M.D., and GEORGE M. GOODWIN, M.D. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $5.

The ever pressing demand for biography is entering the medical field. We are gradually being swamped, not by many individual biographies, but by books of collected biographies, a chapter or two given to a man. The titles indicate the trend of thought, or perhaps, the publishers' thought of what the public want: "Master Minds in Medicine," "Peaks of Medical History," "Devils, Drugs and Doctors," "Medical Leaders," etc. One should not, however, be too critical. People need to know more of the great men who have contributed to the growth of medicine, although a history of the development of ideas is much more to be desired than a series of portraits either hung on a flimsy thread, or, more often, without any thread at all. No one in recent times has equalled Osler's Silliman Lectures of 1913 on "The Evolution of Modern Medicine" (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1921). Here is felt the master touch, even to the choosing of the illustrations. One turns to it with relief, a quiet pool of collected thought in contrast to the hot, dusty "sensationalism" of much of our modern writings.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

K. M., Lakewood, Ohio, asks for a list of reference books in a small home which has not much room. She needs a dictionary, a concordance, a book of general facts, one of maps and one of quotations, one of thumb-nail biographies of people we ought to know, a general history and a geography, with any other reference works I think would be useful.

I BELIEVE in buying an encyclopædia if one can at all afford it, though not at the cost of going without all other books, as some home libraries seem almost to have done. It would dispose of several of the books on this list; the one for general facts, for instance. I never had much use for these Fact Books; it is manifestly impossible to get all the disconnected items of interest in creation into one volume, and whatever fact I have been tracing is never in the volume I search in. It is the same with the book of brief biographies: a cyclopædia will attend to that better than a special volume. The price of one ranges from eighteen dollars for the little "Everyman's" (Dutton) in twelve volumes (and a good reference work it is, too) to the magnificence of the New International and the new version of the Encyclopædia Britannica that has just dawned upon our dazzled gaze.

The "Standard Dictionary" (Funk & Wagnalls) in its unabridged form being more needed in a school or library than in a home collection, I suggest the abridgment, which costs five dollars, or even the desk size that costs two and a half. The Webster's published by Merriam is likewise represented in a small size by the admirable "Collegiate Dictionary" for five dollars, and one for secondary schools (American Book Co., $2.40). If you are studying a foreign language, get a comfortably sized dictionary of that; Cassell's is good for French, being not too large for comfort and with many new words.

The quotation book I use is Hoyt's "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" (Funk & Wagnalls), but many of us swear only by Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (Little, Brown). M. C. Hazard's "Complete Concordance to the American Standard Version of the Holy Bible" costs five dollars (Nelson). If your Bible is one with a concordance that meets your needs, get a Bible dictionary; an excellent one-volume one is the "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by James Hastings (author of the famous Bible dictionary published at Edinburgh, though this smaller book is a separate work), and published by Scribner at seven dollars. You will find much use for Harry Thurston Peck's "Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities" (American Book Company, $8). It gives a vast amount of information arranged under one alphabet. There is a small, but good one in "Everyman's Library" for eighty cents; Blakeney's "Smaller Classical Dictionary" (Dutton). Indeed it is a good rule when money must be considered first and all the time, to look through the Everyman catalogue and see if the books you need may not be approximated at least from this fine collection. It has a historical atlas, for instance, that, though small, is practical.

For a good general atlas there is a wide price range. The every-day family can do with Hammond's "Modern Atlas of the World," which gives political, physical, and economic maps, including boundary and name changes. I have this, and have lately indulged a lifelong craving for a good, big terrestrial globe. If you love a globe, you may as well make up your mind that some day, whether you have room for it or not, the creature will get itself bought. If money is not in question, or if you are providing for a library or school, which must have the best, there is the magnificent "Times Survey Atlas of the World" (Hammond), which costs twenty-five dollars and is well worth the price.

Taking it for granted that the home owns some general history for reading purposes (I suggest, if it does not, that a copy of Geoffrey Parsons's "The Stream of History," published by Scribner, be at once provided), the reference shelf should be furnished with "Putnam's Handbook of Universal History" (Putnam), a valuable little volume that used to go under the title of "Tabular Views of Universal History." When I was in school I could never feel at home in my history-lesson until I had made for myself, out of a large sheet of wrapping paper ruled in parallel lines, a chart of what was going on all over the world at the same time. I don't know where I caught the idea, and I certainly never expected to see a whole book devoted to it, but here in this admirable desk-companion are any number of such chronological charts, and I find them useful.

I should say that this covered the reference field pretty well for a family library. The danger is less in understocking than in overfilling such a shelf. My own rule is to arrange the books I believe I am going constantly to need in any work, on the shelf nearest to my hand at the desk, and permit no volume to stay there unless it can prove its right by being pretty constantly taken out. Dust on the top and out it goes to the shelf underneath, not out of reach by any means, but not at the tip of my eye. It is better to have fewer general reference works and more on your own specialty, I think. A journalist's work-shelf is quite differently stocked from that of a gardening enthusiast. My own is no index to what a good reference library should be; it is top-heavy with literary handbooks, and no wonder, considering the sort of use I have for them. It has "Who's Who," for instance, and it is used continually, but most private individuals own it only when they are in it. I own Frank Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes," too, and find it delicious, but I am not sure that it would be needed in a general home collection. I would not part from—yes, you knew it would have to come—Weekley's "Etymological Dictionary," but I would not read a friend from my list of friends if he showed no inclination to buy it. On the other hand, the Aeronautic Year Book, which is the boon companion of one of my friends; Dyke's "Automobile and Gasoline Engine Encyclopedia," which is the heart treasure of another, would not earn their salt on my shelves. The secret is to know your needs and then go after what is likely to satisfy them. This is so sententious it is clearly time to pass to another paragraph. But before I do, there is a new revised edition of Isadore Mudge's unparalleled "Guide to Reference Books" (A.L.A.), which is the last word for a librarian.

F. G. H., Cleveland, Ohio, asks for a book with games of solitaire.

"PATIENCE," by Mrs. E. D. Cheney, costs seventy-five cents (Boston: Lothrop); it describes thirty varieties of this absorbing time-killer. I notice, by the way, that the volume of poems by Spanish-American poets translated by Alice Stone Blackwell, concerning which I was lately inquiring, was brought out this Fall by Appleton: "Some Spanish American Poets," with an introduction by Isaac Goldberg. Nineteen authors are represented, and the excellence of the translation is tested by printing the originals on opposite pages—a practice that I wish might become general. I have read some of these poems in newspapers and magazines, and I am glad to find them collected in this way. Study clubs take notice.

A CALL for something out of the ordinary in folklore gives me a chance to speak of a book I have not hitherto mentioned because I had not seen it in the Children's Book Number—"American Folk and Fairy Tales," selected by Rachel Field and published by Scribner; I am glad to find that this is a Junior Literary Guild selection. It is not a six-year-old book, but may be read aloud to children of any age that listens to reading, while it will last in the library for years. There are Indian legends and negro stories, folk tales from Louisiana and the Southern mountains, and examples of Tony Beaver and Paul Bunyan. It may help to strengthen home ties for those abroad—and that leads into the quite gratuitous advice I am now about to offer to these young people, which is that they be provided with the second series of a set of unusual picture-books, "The Happy Hour Series" (Macmillan), that now, after covering the field of nursery rhyme and legend, present in a book apiece the various avocations of America. "The Policeman" is shown in process of bringing back a lost little boy; "The Fireman" goes through the putting-out technique in detail; "The Delivery Men" appear as they do to any New York child who keeps an atavistic interest in icemen, left over from village days when they were followed by a train salvaging the broken bits—and so on down the line of lives. This set might keep the young folks in touch with things in this part of the world.

I AM informed by the Garden City Publishing Company that "Faery Lands of the South Seas," mentioned at the head of a list in this column, is now available in the Star Series of books for a dollar apiece, published by this firm. So is "White Shadows of the South Seas"—and indeed so many of the most popular books of even a short time back that the sight of some of them filling a window in a down-town book-shop gave me a quite unexpected thrill when I lately came upon them. I must at any cost to my own feelings tuck in an apology to Carl H. P. Thurston, author of "Why We Look at Pictures" (Dodd, Mead), for saying, in a recommendation of this work, that it had no illustrations. Naturally Mr. Thurston wrote from Germany, where he was when this met his eye, to ask how I managed to miss eighty-six full-page plates. They are put all together at the back of the book, which is far more than just a guide to picture-galleries, being indeed "a study of the evolution of taste" and an inquiry into the nature of esthetics. Incredible as it may seem, I jumped straight over the whole lot, having come to the index and to the conclusion that this was as far as the book went. I would not believe till I had returned to New York and taken the book out of storage that I had actually performed this leap. However, the plates are all in the book, and illustrate the points made.

The autographed manuscript of Dickens's "The Schoolboy's Story" has been sold for £1,850.

The Goncourt Academy has elected Roland Dorgelès to fill the place of Georges Courteline.

Dean Gray, University of Chicago, says

"VIGOROUS campaigns are needed to help educate parents concerning the merits of different types of magazines and to awaken school authorities and teachers to the urgent need of providing suitable magazines for use in schools and of giving instruction concerning their relative value and use. As pointed out by several writers, the development of a critical attitude among school pupils concerning newspapers and magazines may soon result in a radical improvement in the kinds of magazines found in the home. It is equally essential in the development of intelligent adult readers tomorrow."

Parents! Teachers! Superintendents!

Here is the way!

THE reading taste of adolescents in our schools is today influenced by the appeal of trashy, often lurid, magazines. Can this condition be best met by suppression or by substitution?

The combined opinion sponsoring this appeal to you advocates SUBSTITUTION! The publishers of a number of leading magazines of literary value, under the guidance of CURRENT LITERATURE are uniting in an effort to raise the level of reading interest among our young people.

We invite parents and school authorities to consider the advantages of including contemporary literature—both books and magazines—as part of the required supplementary reading work in school. We have a definite plan for this purpose. We will gladly send the details of this plan to any parent, teacher, or superintendent on request.

Atlantic Monthly — World's Work
Bookman — Harpers
Scribner's — Golden Book
Forum — Saturday Review of Literature

American Education Press
Publishers of CURRENT LITERATURE

Will you cast a ballot for better reading habits?

Mail this announcement to the Principal or Superintendent of schools in your community. We will gladly mail to any parent, teacher, or superintendent, full details of the plan for raising the standard of leisure reading tastes, through the use of the leading magazines.

CURRENT LITERATURE
COLUMBUS, OHIO

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IS SEX NECESSARY?

Or Why You Feel the Way You Do

by James Thurber and E. B. White

The season's laugh hit. WALTER WINCHELL recommends it to diversion seekers. HEYWOOD BROUN calls it "one of the funniest burlesques ever written." ISABEL PATERSON says: "Marvelous figure skating over the thinnest of ice." WILL CUPPY says: "Get everybody to read it, even the grouches. Use force if necessary, on the principle that people should be forced to enjoy themselves, whether they want to or not." WILLIAM ROSE BENET says: "One of the funniest books we have read. The drawings are swell too. Altogether it is one of the silliest books in years, and perfectly lovely." $2.00

THE GOOD COMPANIONS

by J. B. Priestley

"It would require much space to reveal adequately the book's richness. It is full of quotable passages, charming descriptions, touches of humor, deft and delightful phrasing. . . . Altogether, you will miss the very best kind of a time if you fail to make friends with *The Good Companions.*—*The New York Times.* $3.00

LETTERS TO WOMEN

by Joseph Auslander

"The poems have unquestionable vitality, and seem to me to be full of insight and invention."—JOHN DRINKWATER. "The book is intensely alive in every fibre."—WILLIAM ROSE BENET. Decorated with Clare Leighton wood-cuts, this is a book as lovely as it is unique. $2.00

BEETHOVEN

THE CREATOR

by Romain Rolland

"The importance of this work cannot be gainsaid, and no admirer of Beethoven can afford to pass it by unread."—*New York Sun.* "It is an astonishing and monumental piece of work. It is a characteristic Rolland book, and there can be no higher praise that that."—*Sigmund Spaeth.* $5.00

ART IN AMERICA

by Suzanne LaFollette

"Deftly Miss LaFollette displays our arts and crafts against the social setting which brought them forth. She talks, as naturally as breathing, in the idiom of the artist; with the sculptor her feeling is for stone; with the modern architect, for perpendicular steel. The one hundred illustrations charmingly printed by the aquatone process leaving nothing that could reasonably be desired."—*New York Sun.* $5.00

DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS

by Howard W. Haggard

"The story of the science of healing from the medicine-man to doctors. Considers the history of child-birth, of the great plagues, and the means available to eradicate them. Written with profound veneration for the great luminaries of medicine. Profusely illustrated from interesting old prints."—*New York Times.* $5.00

Just Published

"It contains some of the best writing of the century—a book that is terribly, wonderfully alive."

—J. B. PRIESTLEY

H. M. TOMLINSON'S long-awaited novel

TO tell the story of a great catastrophe is one thing; to show how the human and material factors combine to make the catastrophe inevitable is quite something else. The one involves accurate reporting; the other creative imagination.

* * *

It is just this quality which makes ALL OUR YESTERDAYS a great book. The crash which shook the world in 1914 is shown in Mr. Tomlinson's vivid pages as a faint whisper as far back as the Boer War. Gathering force as it sweeps along, it catches up in its whirlwind thousands of the just, the unwarlike, the decent-minded till at last, appalled by the spectre of world havoc, they fall into step with the other millions who go down to hatred and death in the valley of war.

* * *

Here is a novel to search men's hearts, a tale of the human passions that whip men's minds to bloodshed. It is a book of you and me; of that strange power which invades us, gentle and peaceful though we be, making us willing to climb Calvary a thousand times and drain the blood of a generation of our children, all for human pride. $2.50

"This goes to the head of the war books with a bang."—J. B. PRIESTLEY

"I think that this is Tomlinson's finest book. When I say that, I say that it is one of the finest books in Modern English.

"The war parts of the book are, with Blunden's prose, the finest poetic realism yet given us in England about the war. This book will be a great and moving success in the year's literature and I think it must last because of its lovely English, its nobility, its reality.

"This is Tomlinson's most personal *book and yet also his most* universal."

—HUGH WALPOLE

H. M. TOMLINSON'S

Great English Novel of War and Peace

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

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